

THE ADVOCATE



NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

CHRISTMAS 1925

The Advocate

VOL. XXXVI, No. 1

NEEDHAM, MASS., DECEMBER, 1925

PRICE 50 CENTS

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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Editorials

Editorial Comment

This issue of **The Advocate** marks the beginning of the thirty-sixth year that the students of Needham High School have published it. Every year has seen improvements, until now **The Advocate** is considered one of the best of high school magazines.

One of this year's features is a Student Opinion column. Thus **The Advocate** has made it possible for those who wish to put their ideas before the school to do so. Furthermore—students remember that this is *Your Magazine* and **The Advocate** staff through whom you publish it always welcomes your suggestions. Constructive criticism is welcomed from any source—alumni, parents, and friends we want your support.

The Advocate wishes to publicly acknowledge its debt to its Literary Adviser, Miss Bernice L. Caswell, one of the school's most efficient teachers, to whom **The Advocate** owes considerable of its success. In spite of her unceasing work in the school's organizations, Miss Caswell has generously given **The Advocate** her time and influence.

The Advocate Board has been quite pleased to find that readers of **The Advocate** regard it not alone as a fine school magazine, but also as a business directory, so that special care has been taken this year with the advertising section. A ready business reference may be found in the back of **The Advocate** which can "be at hand on the Library table for six months." Please support those who are supporting your high school magazine.

The Staff wishes also to thank Miss May Springfield for her work in the business department. Whether called on week days or Sunday she has ever been ready to do her best for **The Advocate**.

Advisory Board for Freshmen

At the beginning of the year our freshmen were in a state of helpless confusion. We, ourselves, were at one time in the same condition, not knowing where to go or what to do. Wouldn't it be an act of kindness to have some students to whom the freshmen could go for advice?

Many times they make mistakes and are mocked by supercilious upper-classmen. It would better affairs if some one in a tactful way corrected their blunders.

Perhaps a week would be sufficient for this board of good samaritans to serve, thus preventing errors being made during the entire school year. Coming in from grammar school, the freshmen can hardly be expected to learn the system employed when late for classes or for school.

On the first day, particularly, there is a mad rush for the bulletin board. How are freshmen to ascertain where they belong when older and taller students occupy the space in front of them? If there was a separate list in the hands of the advisers, to which the younger pupils could refer, much bustle and confusion could be avoided.

The establishment of a board of Junior and Senior students, or Seniors alone, to help freshmen who are ignorant of the ways and rules of the high school, would save the teachers much unnecessary trouble and would give a far better impression of the school to outsiders.

B. W., '26.



We extend a welcome to the two new faculty members, Miss Catherine Dodge and Miss Helen Parker.

Merry Christmas from **The Advocate**.

Is Our School Progressing?

Yes! How could you think otherwise? This reply was literally hurled at me when I asked this question of a member of our student body. I appreciated this enthusiastic response for I, too, agree with the affirmative. We have a splendid new building equipped to suit the needs of a fast growing town, and a fine faculty of twenty trained instructors. In regard to the student body we should be proud of our Student Activity Association, one of the most unique student governments in the vicinity of Boston. Although we all feel that some phases of it might be changed, we are justly proud of its financial success.

Now we come to the question—why should we not have a school seal? We belong to Needham High School. Why, then, should each class try to distinguish itself by devising new design for the rings? How many progressive schools have a school seal? Practically all. For example, Newton, Brookline, and Lexington have had the broader vision of their alumni, proud that they were graduated from their high school, not what particular class they happened to finish with. It will unify the student body, give an appropriate seal for athletic certificates, and it will certainly make the right motive for a scholastic award when Needham has the vision to encourage an honor roll and the awards which pertain to it.

We suggest if the school adopts this plan that the Student Council encourage original designs by having a competition in the student body to select the best school seal.

M. E. H., '26

A Suggestion

We suggest that the motto for Needham High School this year be "Cleanliness and Tidiness." Why is it necessary for us to place all our wastepaper in the desks? Surely the school is provided with enough baskets.

Let us play fairly with our teachers and not make it necessary for them to clear away the results of our thoughtlessness and laziness.

D. M. M., '27

The Honor System

With the rapid growth of N. H. S. numerous changes are required and developed. One, to which we, the school, must look forward to in the near future is the *Honor System*—that plan of placing before the school the highest scholastic ranks in each individual subject.

The reasons for the *Honor System* are manifold. The most important is the ever-prevalent action of publicity as a stimulus. There is not one of us who does not like to see his name in print. Competition also enters into such a system. Each one knows if the other is making good; if a retardment is found, extra efforts would be made on the part of the majority. Again there are those who lag for lack of interest or want of exertion and not for lack of capacity. It is these who need some special inducement to maintain a higher standing. The benefit from an *Honor System* cannot be over-measured, for not only would there be a remarkable gain in special instances, but also the system would tend to raise the general average of the scholarship in the school. Wherever such recognition has been given in secondary schools, colleges, or in industrial establishments, it has always met with decided success. It is time that we consider similar action: Why not introduce this plan in N. H. S.?

A. H. B., '27

A Friendly Hint

Freshman and Sophomores: The literary department of *The Advocate* has noticed a decided lack of material from your classes. Undoubtedly some of you have talent, but how are we to determine this fact if you never pass in anything? We are sure that you would be more interested in our magazine if you thought that there might be something of yours in the next issue. So, *Freshmen* and *Sophomores*, get out your paper and pens and pass something in. It may not be accepted, but at least we shall know, and you will know, that we have your support behind *The Advocate*.

L. S., '27

Lenders

Lending is a habit that we all have. In school life there are two types of things that are borrowed. The first class includes pens, pencils, erasers, and most of our minor belongings. We really do not do much harm when we lend these things, except that we unconsciously help the recipient of the loan to become more careless.

The other type consists of verbal information and written assignments. Here is where the real evil is done. When we lend our homework papers to our friends, we feel at the time that we are doing something that is expected of us, and something for which we shall be better liked. But have you ever learned anything by copying another's work? Is borrowed information always accurate? Is another person's knowledge ever of any use to you when you are taking a test? A bit of practical knowledge that we ought to gain early in life is the ability to stand on our own feet. It is not too soon to learn now.

M. S., '26

A Student Motto

Students, why not try to make and keep our town as beautiful as possible? We can do this by respecting the grounds of all the buildings in our town. It only takes us a little while longer to go around a plot of grass or a garden, and the result is worth the trouble. That small amount of time which we thought wasted has proved to have been very valuable.

Some of us remember how particular "Mike" was about our school grounds, and what beautiful school lawns we had by his strictness. How much more cheerful our walk to school is when we see along our way well-kept grounds.

Let this be our motto in the future: "Respect the community's property at all times."

H. C., '27

A Question

By IRVINE E. ROSS, JR., '26

Who can stop or even slow

The ceaseless wheels of time?

No mortal hand their course controls,

It is the Hand Divine.

Borrowers

"May I have a pencil?"

How many times a day is this question heard in this school? Why is it that some students can not, apparently, ever bring to school the materials that they are going to need that day? Certainly they are not asked to bring anything preposterous. Some students always need something, thus causing the teacher to delay the class until a thoughtful person lends the missing tool to the forgetful one. Many are bothered because of the carelessness of one individual.

Let's have for our motto for the rest of the year those words of Polonius: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend."

C. G., '26

Tennis For Needham High School

What is that I just saw? Can it be possible that those girls are going to have a tennis match on our new High School court? I wish these words portrayed a true scene, instead of a work of my imagination.

Our school is widely represented in athletics, with the exception of that interesting and enticing sport, tennis. How very few of us have the opportunity to play this game. This phase of sport appeals to almost every boy and girl, as is shown by all those who sign up for the respective teams every spring, yet how that list is reduced when it is known that to become a member of either of these teams, one must hold a membership to the Needham Tennis Club. Since many schools have a tennis team, it would be splendid if we were able to have one to compete with such groups. Let us hope for a tennis court, either belonging to the school or free to the students, so that tennis will be listed among our various athletics.

M. F., '27

Good

By MARGARET SEYMOUR, '26

There's a deal of good in the world,

And it isn't hard to find,

If only we do out best

To leave the bad behind.



Literature

Up and Down

By ALICE KINGSBURY, '26

Tony was just an elevator boy. "Going up—going down? Third? Anyone the third? Fourth, going up, going down!" A series of "ups and downs," monotony itself—this was Tony's life. Sometimes Tony hated bitterly this small square box, forever ascending and descending as it was.

And these people in this big office building who rode up and down with him daily—Tony often wondered about them and envied them, too. They appeared each morning and again at night, but instead of spending their day in a small, dark box they went, it seemed to Tony, from one pleasurable task to another the whole day long.

Tony's ambitions had not always been to "run an elevator." In his childhood days, only a few short years ago, he had dreams of doing great things, of making money enough to buy a little home for his old Italian mother and little sister and—but why go on? That was before he had been run over and his knee hurt. There had been a long time when he had not worked at all, but when at last he was able to be out again and hunt for something to do, this had been his only choice. So here he was. Up and down, up and down, up and down—the deadly monotony of it—how he hated it!

But his nature was a happy one. He formed the habit of whistling popular airs to himself as he made his ceaseless journeys; he spoke to everyone and for all there was a cheery "Good morning" and a friendly "Good night." It was amusing to notice the

various types of people he met; some had a ready response and a never failing supply of "small talk"; others remained glum before the most engaging of grins.

There were certain people with whom Tony wished he might become better acquainted. For instance, there was jovial Mr. McGray on the thirteenth floor who was in the pickle business; he invariably addressed Tony as "Sam" and was continually jollying him about something. There was Miss Endicott, a sweet-faced, gray-haired stenographer who lived in the country and brought flowers sometimes for Tony's mother; there was Doctor Roberts on the fifth floor, who had a gentle, kindly manner and who often inquired about Tony's knee—Tony wished he might have a talk with Doctor Roberts concerning that same knee.

It was in midwinter that the knee began to bother him again. It pained him at night and each morning was so stiff and lame that it seemed to Tony he could hardly drag one foot before the other. It began to be difficult to welcome people with that jolly grin that had seemed so much a part of his makeup, and his whistling ceased entirely. He became blue and unhappy—almost bitter. Why, all these friends in the building had no particular interest in him, anyway. After all, didn't they regard him as merely a machine to follow their least bidding? Sixth—eighth—ninth, please—now down, now up again, would the day never cease?

One night when Tony was tired and his

foot was throbbing unmercifully, something happened that altered his viewpoint.

Something was wrong with his elevator; he had reported it that morning, but as yet nothing had been done. Most of the people had left the building and Tony was coming down in an empty car. Suddenly, in some way he lost control of it and the car pitched down—down—down with increasing speed to crash furiously on the building's solid foundations. After a moment's horrible sensation of terror Tony knew nothing.

"Yes," said Doctor Roberts, "in another fortnight you ought to be back on the job again. Of course, it would have to be the bad knee that got the worst of the injuries—but it never had healed right, after the other accident so perhaps it's just as well, after all. I'll be in again, soon. Good-bye, Tony."

Tony settled back among the pillows, heaved a contented sigh and opened the new book that—why, let's see, who had sent this one? Miss Endicott had sent the last one, and this was from—what did the card say—why, Miss Jameson, of all people! Miss Jameson he remembered as a grim, sour-faced creature who had a smile for no one, and, Tony thought, no heart at all. And she had sent him a book!

Outside in the little hall, his mother, with tears in her eyes, in her broken English was trying to thank Doctor Roberts for his kindness through Tony's illness. Tony caught scraps of the conversation: "You have been so very, very kin' to ma leetle boy, I try to say how I thank you." And the doctor—"Nonsense, we've missed Tony's cheering smile and good humor too much to let him get away from us. They ask for him every day."

Tony, among his pillows felt a flush of shame creep over his face. He didn't deserve praise—towards the end he had been cross and bitter against everyone. Now, here they were, bringing him presents, flowers, some that he didn't even remember, sending him "Getting Well" cards, the doctor making

daily visits, everyone being kind. He had thought these same people regarded him as a machine and were not interested in him—why, he didn't realize how many friends he had; one didn't know who his friends were until he suffered some misfortune. But wait until he got back! He'd show 'em how he appreciated their kindness.

Back on the job once more. "Up—down—up—down—third, please, anyone, the third—down—street." Why there was Mr. McGray—Mr. McGray of the pickles. Tony beamed.

"Hullo there, Sammie," he was hailed. "Blessed if you're not back on the old job." The car with Mr. McGray, the sole passenger, started upwards. "Look here, Sam, I need someone your type up in my office and I've just been wondering whether you'd rather stop off on the thirteenth floor with me every day than go up and down all the time. I could use—Hi, there, that's the thirteenth you just passed! Does it have such a bad effect on you as that?"

"Thirteen," breathed Tony as the car again reached that floor—"my lucky number."

Up—up—going up—now down again, but whether the elevator be going up or down, Tony's spirits soared on, forever up—up—up.



Names of N. H. S.

(Fifty years from now)

By MURRAY FAIRWEATHER, '26

Names familiar and beloved
 Ciphered here on mortal page,
 Many a chord ye strike of memory
 Ranging wide from youth to age,
 As we scan the trace of fingers
 We have clasped in days of yore,
 As we think of lights and shadows
 Chequered 'round our path no more,
 But little reck's it, joy or sorrow,
 If the names we read today
 Are in better records written,
 That shall never pass away.
 Friends, oh friends, then sure and quickly
 Seek the brighter page to gain.
 Names within this living volume,
 Are not of men who died in vain.

The Biography of the Ked Twins as Told by Lefty Ked

By ELEANOR ROHN, '27

We were made of the same canvas and rubber as all the rest, but, alas, there was a flaw in one of us somewhere. Of course that fact necessitated our being put in the store of the Hood Rubber Company where others like us were sent to be sold to the poorer people. It was a great disappointment to me considering that we had been made for some boy. I brooded over my fate by the hour, as Righty and I remained in our home on the shelf. My outlook was quite dark, for I expected to be purchased by some poor city boy who would in no time scuff me out in those dirty streets. My sole longed for the country air and the feeling of the fresh earth and grass. I tugged at my lacing and decided to make the best of it. Righty was happy-go-lucky, but I just was not made that way, I must have been the one with the flaw.

One day something happened which started my tongue fluttering. We were taken down from the shelf and carried to the front of the store to meet a prospective customer. My greatest surprise came when I saw with my two rows of eyes that a girl was trying us on. I was too happy to do anything but try to fit her foot. I tried hard, and my efforts were not in vain because the next thing I knew Righty and I were wrapped and given to our new proprietress.

We then left our abiding place forever, and started out in a new and adventurous life, as I was sure it must be. No girl would wear boys' sneakers in the city.

Of course it would be impossible for me to relate our whole history, but I shall assure you that a pair of Keds could never have had a more interesting life.

We soon learned that our new mistress's name was Alice. We grew fond of her and tried to do our best, but it was hard sometimes.

She had a very lively animal with sharp teeth whom she always let bite us. Oh, how it hurt at times! How I dreaded the sight of that ugly jaw!

The best hours of my life were spent many miles away from my birthplace. Our girl wore us continually here, and my sole enjoyed to the fullest extent its greatest desires. Sometimes our Alice would walk too near the ocean and the water would rush up on us. I was usually able to throw it off, but occasionally it came right through.

I remember particularly a walk along the beach. I experienced that grating feeling of sand, it seemed, for miles and miles. Every now and then I was poked into some funny objects lying on the beach. There were sharp things, slimy things, and jelly-like things.

Sometimes I felt rough boards beneath my sole for perhaps an afternoon. First, our Alice with a line in her hand would lean over what I learned was a railing. She seemed to be intensely interested in the other end of that line. Suddenly she would squeal, our soles would begin to jump, and another human being would shove a long pole with a basket-like thing on the end in the direction of our Alice's line. Next we were hurried over more boards and invariably either Righty or I would feel a terrible nip. It was then that I learned that we were crabbing.

I wish that I could tell you all that Righty and I did in this strange land, but I must relate some of my other life.

After several months of this new life I returned to another land, but remained in a dark closet more often, I must say I was jealous of that pair of shoes which took my place. Now and then Righty and I were worn. This time we felt the grass of the country. Up and down we were forced to go, and often I received an awful bang. I was kicked, knocked, and generally abused, but I survived, although I was tortured continually.

For several years we continued as the footgear of our dear Alice, who said that she never could replace us. We served her with all our soles and uppers and we are now resting quietly in the heaven where all old

footwear abides. We wink our rows of eyes and gather as best as possible those tattered shoe lacings which were tied by faithful fingers so many times.

On our soles remain the marks of our lives: the imprint of sand, the stain of salt water, the indent of a dog's tooth, a smudge of tar, a blueberry stain, and the many other impish signs which write the diary of a pair of Keds.



A Woman's Way

By MILDRED JOY, '26

"You's just my precious 'ittle toodlums, aren't you, Fluffy?"

Mrs. Jonathon Earle Chesterton was addressing the spluttering, dripping, object in the dishpan before her. "Is my 'ittle cunnin' doggie having a nice bath? He will look so nice with a big, blue bow, I just guess."

Now this precious poodle just referred to was called by every endearing name that is in the dictionary and is not in the dictionary; it really doesn't matter what name was used,—he rarely answered any summons. Nevertheless, Fluffy had been the sole object of the attentions of Mrs. J. Earle Chesterton ever since the morning when he had arrived in the grocery man's basket.

On this particular morning, after his morning bath, Fluffy was occupying the top step of the front piazza. His pink puppy nose was lifted aloft with that superior air caused by the consciousness of a fluffy coat.

Mrs. Ernest Brown, an intimate back-door neighbor of Mrs. Chesterton's was her proud possessor of a lively police dog, Trusty by name. At this same moment Trusty was occupying the top step of Brown's front piazza. For some time, Trusty had been eyeing his neighbor with a warlike glance. Perhaps it was the superior tilt of Fluffy's pink nose, or maybe the big, blue bow,—at

any rate, there was something that riled every corner of Trusty's dog heart.

He left his post on the doorstep and advanced, growling a war proclamation. Fluffy was a strong adherer to peace; accordingly, he immediately backed away with an apologetic whine. That whine acted like a match touched to gunpowder. Trusty sprang up on the steps, seized Fluffy by the bright, blue bow, and raced down the lawn.

A white ball! Yelps!! Howls!! A brown ball! Strips of blue ribbon!

A woman's scream pierced the air; out of the door flew a wrapper-clad figure, brandishing a hammer above her head. Five yards from the battlefield she stopped. Not even the love for her darling could force her nearer. She gazed frantically around, and before her grateful eyes, a fire alarm box loomed up.

The alarm had been sounded. Mrs. Chesterton, wringing her hands, peered anxiously up the street. Would they never come? Didn't they realize that they had never had more need of answering a call promptly? A slow, monotonous jingle-jangle reached her ears. Down the street came the yellow ice-car.

Jim, the iceman, soon found himself being dragged down the street by a lady who had armed herself with his ice-axe. He had a vague idea of a murder, a fire, and a dog or two.

A siren screeched, a bell clanged harshly,—the fire apparatus had arrived at the corner; so had Mrs. Chesterton, Jim, and the ice-axe.

Speechless with excitement, the woman pointed to the front lawn. Then her hand dropped. Side by side on the front porch sat two puppies, one wearing a rather mournful countenance and an extremely bedraggled blue bow, the other seemingly personifying innocence itself.

Mrs. Chesterton sank weakly on the front sidewalk—woman's way.

Poetry

Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill

By ALICE KINGSBURY, '26

There's a happy throng on the streets tonight,
A joyous confusion of noise and lights,
And the grim, old houses along the way
This ev'ning, with twinkling lights are gay.

There are myriad candles ablaze tonight,
Each sending forth its glad beam of light;
And under the flickering lantern there,
The carollers pour on the sweet night air
A melody, centuries old, yet dear
To the listening hearts of those gathered here.

Above, the tranquil stars look down
On these, rejoicing in Boston town;
And they seem to smile, and softly say,
"God bless you all, this Christmas Day."



Christmas Shopping

By ESTHER SUTTON, '26

Bustling and laughing chatter
Noise, and turmoil—what a clatter
Everyone's in such a hurry,
Everything is in a flurry.
What's it all about, you say?
Why, tomorrow's Christmas Day.
Shopping must be done, you know,
And we always let it go—
Then we rush, and fuss, and fumble,
And get cross, and start to grumble.
But we're well repaid next day
When the things we gave away
Bring to all the folks such pleasure—
Joy and Love, the Christmas treasure.



Aurora's Summons

By MILDRED JOY, '26

The hovering, sable clouds of night
Across the sky retreat;
Aurora comes with rainbow light
The world to greet.

The herald of the approaching day
With stately pace draws near,
The sky is robed in bright array,—
Day doth appear.

The dawning day spreads o'er the skies
A brilliant glorious light, ▶
Each rose-tinged cloud does symbolize
A call to right.

Carollers

By JANE PEIRCE, P. G.

I saw them march that Christmas night
When all the rest were sleeping.
Each held a torch, a beacon light,
And proudly they were singing.

The road beneath their feet was white
With snow that was there falling.
A frosty eve, a biting night,
A gentle wind still blowing.

Far down the street has passed the light
Of pilgrims sweetly chanting.
But still there is the mem'ry bright
Of torches and of singing.



My Ship of Dreams

By ELEANOR JARVIS, '26

Through flying spray and sparkling foam
My ship of dreams sails on;
To lands unknown beyond the sea,
My ship of dreams sails on.
She sails o'er seas in raging storms,
In waters troubled, sore;
And I the pilot am, and crew,
I guide her to the shore.
The mast that holds my fluttering sails,
Which number only three,
Is strong to hold the winds of chance
Safe furled above the sea.
My first sail is a jib-sail fair,
The sail of careful truth.
It fills with winds from heav'n afar
To guide aright my youth.
My second sail my staysail is,
The sail of loyalty.
It stands for each man high or low
Who on my course may be.
My third sail is my mainsail strong,
My friends, so staunch and true,
That back me up in stormy days
Whatever I may do.
Without my mainsail I should sail
In circles aimlessly;
But with it, guided straight ahead,
My path shall onward be.
Through flying spray and sparkling foam
My ship of dreams sails on;
To lands unknown beyond the sea,
My ship of dreams sails on.

Book Reports

"Macbeth"

By MILDRED L. JOY, '26

The large, dim library offered me the best retreat for that drizzling afternoon. I was spending a rather lonely week-end in the old-fashioned house of my great-aunt. And so, after luncheon, I crossed the hall and entered the library, little knowing what treat was in store for me. I went straight to the corner where some of the oldest editions were kept, and, after drawing a book from the shelf at random, I seated myself in a comfortable chair by the window.

The book I had chosen was a copy of Shakespeare's "Macbeth." I was rather disappointed that this particular book had fallen to my lot, for I had already read the play. My interest was aroused, however, when I discovered it was not an ordinary edition, for bound in the book was a leather case. When I opened this, out slid a large envelope yellow with age. It was labeled: "A Copy and the Original of Shakespeare's Letter to Sir Andrew Rollins."

I took out the contents with eagerness, for I knew that our family tree could be traced from this same Sir Andrew. The writing of the original note had faded greatly, but I could yet make out the signature of the great dramatist. I unfolded the copy of the letter which read in this manner:

"London, Nov. 8, 1606.

"I received, my dear Sir Andrew, your most obliging letter, and you must forgive me, if my answer be tinged with melancholy.

"I came with eagerness to London life, but how eagerly am I wishing to leave it for all time. The wretched sights and deeds that one meets turn the heart sick. The cozy home in Stratford looms up in my mind with pleasant thoughts. I truly think 'nought's had, all's spent, where our desire is got without content.'

"In this same unhappy state of mind have I sketched out, but lately, a play entitled 'Macbeth.'

"How often have I met this same, weak, avaricious character in London life, he who 'wouldst have that which he esteem'st the ornament of life and who lives a coward in his own esteem, letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.' His life was one continual attempt to have 'the false face hide what the false heart doth know.'

"When I ponder over his evil character, my brooding mind believes that 'life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more.'

"But I must stay the hand which writes these gloomy words, and tell you some of my philosophy which I have been considering of late.

"I have written: 'Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.' How firmly does Life prove this! Did you ever know a man to act with ill intentions and finish the act with aught but evil? And, in this same line of thought did I realize that 'thrifless ambition will raven up its own life's means.' It will destroy the very goal towards which we bend our strength, corrupt our minds, and lead us astray.

"With this philosophy have I tried to endure my latest tragedy. Will you not at some time favor me with a criticism of this play? Be frank; tell me if my thoughts, of which I have just spoken, form the background of this drama.

"I wish to express my thanks to you, Sir Andrew, for the permission of disclosing my mind to such an untiring confidant as you.

"May your answering letter arrive soon! I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem,

Your sincere friend,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

The fading light of late afternoon found me deeply engrossed in the play "Macbeth."

"The Taming of the Shrew"

By EVELYN HANSEN, '26

The Characters

Miss Amelia Intellectual.

Miss Betty Frivolous, her niece.

Place—A busy tea-shop in a woman's city club.

Time—1925, an afternoon after a matinee of "The Taming of the Shrew."

As the curtain rises, two women are discovered seated at a table in a tea-room. The more imposing of the two is a typical well-bred maiden lady of advanced years. Her niece is an attractive college girl. She is quite an independent thinker, but she is under the influence of her scholarly aunt.

Miss Amelia: How can you sit there devouring cinnamon toast when you have just seen such a superb performance. You do not seem to realize what an opportunity has been yours. Petruchio—there was a man, my dear, who stands out as a delightful character. He was so wise, and possessed such good judgment that he knew well how to feign a passionate and furious behavior when his spirits were so calm that he could have laughed heartily at his own angry moods. His natural disposition was carefree and easy; the boisterous airs he assumed when he married Katherine were only in sport, or, more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment as to the only means of overcoming the passionate ways of the furious Katherine.

Miss Betty: Oh, Aunt Amelia, I am so sorry if you are shocked by my seemingly childish actions. You must remember what I have just seen. During the episode at Petruchio's house when the food is brought in to the bride and groom, don't you remember how he told the servants that the food was not good and threw it on the floor in order that Katherine should receive no nourishment? Well, I do, and to see him throwing those delicacies around was enough to make a statue hungry.

Miss Amelia: You are forgiven, dear, for I myself enjoy a cup of tea with my friends any afternoon. But how did you like Petruchio?

Miss Betty: Of all Shakespeare's plays this is the one which has stirred up the most righteous indignation in my heart. To think that any man would go to such extremes to subdue a woman is more than I can comprehend. It was great selfishness on his part, for he never professed to like her, but was only seeking her dowry. I enjoyed the play for its dramatic action, but I did not like Petruchio.

Miss Amelia: Betty, you fail to remember that although the motives of Petruchio are a little vague, his technique in the art of using his words to suit his purpose is admirable. Do you recall these splendid lines:

"—I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as the nightingale;
Say she frowns; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubly,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and
When be married"

Miss Betty: How do you remember so well, Aunt Amelia? The main reason why I enjoyed the play was that I did not have to search between the lines for double meanings, and memorize worthy passages. I enjoyed seeing the production as a whole, at the same time being able to form my own likes and dislikes.

Miss Amelia: The real worth of any fine play is the ability to realize what the author meant to express in his thoughts. I learned

those lines when I was a young girl, for they appealed to me as the most unique in the play.

Miss Betty: I didn't like the introduction where the Players acted the main plot. I think it detracted from the play until one had seen enough of "The Taming of the Shrew" to forget the performers.

Miss Amelia: That was doubtless just a

way in which to attract attention and should not be given much thought.

Miss Betty: I must leave you now, but I am so glad I was able to make such a delightful addition to my knowledge of Shakespeare's plays.

(She leaves. The curtain falls slowly as Miss Amelia sits gazing absently before her.)



Essays Dreams

By RUSSELL SEAVER, '26

It is the accepted theory that dreams are gruesome, disturbing things to be meticulously avoided by abstinence from rich and upsetting edibles immediately before retiring. But, for myself, I find dreaming a thing from which I can draw much interest and excitement. In fact every night I make it a point to eat a piece of pie or a large wedge of cheese in hopes of being able to dream correspondingly interesting dreams. I distinctly remember that on one occasion, after having eaten some crabmeat salad and cheese with cider at ten P.M., I was running the World War entirely to suit myself. I was doing it pretty well, too—we always do things well in dreams, though.

Some mornings we awake feeling depressed and worried as if there were some great crisis impending, or we hadn't done our home work. This feeling can almost always be traced directly to some dream in which we encounter numerous misfortunes or accidents. Of course this theory doesn't hold true if we *haven't* done our home work! Once I envisioned myself suddenly stricken blind, and the awful melancholy which gripped me stayed with me the whole of the following day. I felt so keenly the grief and desolate despair of the moment that even now I feel confidently able to put into words the thoughts and emotions of blind people. That is one of the values of dreaming—it gives us opportunity to experience emotions and reactions that we

might never meet in our own prosaic life. I would say that imagination is one step short of dreaming. Therefore, if you aspire to be an author, remember you can always enhance your imagination with dreams. I think DeQuincey realized this fact as it is generally conceded that his writings were colored by his indulgences.

There is always reason for our dreams, though sometimes the reason is surprising. For instance, we attend a wonderful play which impresses us exceedingly; yet afterwards, we dream not of that, but of the little cripple outside, selling newspapers. Very often our dreams may be based on some random word or comment dropped during the day. Frequently after some exciting experience, we go to bed confidently expecting to dream of the event, but our expectations are not fulfilled.

In our nocturnal phantasms we revel in egoism. Always we are the heroine or hero. Sometimes we start out as a mere spectator, but long before the end of our epic we invariably find that we have stepped into the place of the leading character—that we have ceased to be the satellite and have become the sun. In these imageries of an active brain in a somnolent body, we often come upon the realization of our ideals. When I was younger, I spent my nights in the cab of a fast express which rushed through the gloom, belching forth sparks, smoke, and loud clangs.

Of course, we all have dreams wherein we commit quixotic deeds and rescue fair maidens from the clutches of leering villains who are left dead upon the field of combat—and not infrequently the cast of characters in these dreams are filled with our intimate friends. Speaking of friends, I should like to mention one of the dangers of dreaming—that of forming good or bad opinions of perfectly innocent people from these dreams. The trouble is that we can't help it! I have seen my whole family foully murdered, and myself horribly tortured by a meek and retiring classmate of mine. To this day I do not wholly trust him to my back, so strong is my impression of him.

There is one distinctive type of dream that I should like to mention. It is the dream which occurs three or four times a year, and is always exactly the same. A good example of this is the "Brushwood Boy" by Rudyard Kipling. I found in this story a dream that is true of my own type—especially its parallelism in detail.

On the whole, I think there is a great deal to know about dreams, dream philosophy, and dream psychology, for they represent queer reactions of man's complex brain.

Dish-Washing at Our House

By GEORGE MACKENZIE, '26

What a long list of evil memories such a title recalls. It seems, that from the earliest period I remember, it was my lot to wash dishes or "help." Even when years were added to years and I became, what I thought, too old for this lowly job, it was still placed upon my shoulders. It was not until this year, 1925, that I escaped from my servitude, and even now I have to "help" occasionally.

I am told that I have the very bad habit of eating hurriedly. I cannot understand why people will continue to find fault with small things which do not concern them in any way. If I have this habit there is only one cause for it; when I was younger, as a meal progressed, I would notice with growing pangs of fear and regret the mounting pile of

dishes, and with a madness caused by hate, I would gulp down as much as I could in as short a time as possible, jump quickly from the table and dash out of doors. By this means I sometimes eluded my task; there were many other times that I didn't, but I found it paid to eat fast. This is the reason, if there is any, for my bad habit.

When anyone has a hatred for washing dishes he will do nearly anything to escape this punishment, for such it is. If by any chance you should hear a man or boy say, "I'll do the dishes," do not gain a wrong impression from this statement, for this remark is said only upon special occasions when visitors are at the house for a day. It comes from no kindheartedness on the part of the speaker.

Some men are made to do the dish-washing for a home; and I can sympathize fully with the agonies they go through because of my own experience. I arrive, therefore, at this conclusion: all dishes should be made of paper.

On Being Small

By MADELEIN PEASE, '27

People of large stature may remark that they would give anything to be small, but I can almost guarantee that if they were to follow anyone thus afflicted for even a day, they would be glad to return to their former size.

It is through personal experience alone that I am able to enumerate several instances where being small is a handicap; and a few where it proves, after all, to be a convenience.

I have been in the city with its great crowds when it seemed as though I was being literally carried along in the surging mass of people. Especially in a well-filled elevator have I found my height, or rather lack of it, extremely troublesome. The air is very apt to be close, and the people towering above and around me only add to the already stifling atmosphere.

At a football game, or any sport of that type, people sometimes take compassion on me and ask me to stand in front, saying that

they can very easily see over me. Often they are less than two inches taller than I, but if they are happy, I surely am.

A five-passenger car is a well-known make; and six people usually occupy such a conveyance. Since I am small, it falls to my lot to sit on someone else. Other people sometimes offer, but in the end I am the victim.

The last and worst offense is the pleasant, well-meant attitude of a fond relative or family friend, who invariably says, "When are you ever going to grow," or "You still are so small." From others comes the expression, "My, you have grown!"

Once I looked forward to being tall; but all of my hopes are gradually diminishing to nothing, and I have begun to resign myself to Fate.

Sarcasm

By KATHRYN GILFOIL, '26

Sarcasm is a very delicate subject to discuss. It is, of course, a matter of personal opinion. I personally do not approve of using sarcasm. To me it shows a fit of rage, as it is nearly always delivered with bitterness and with contempt. True, the expression on the countenance and the manner in which the cutting remark is passed has a great deal to do with it. A person may utter a contemptuous sentence in such manner that the effects on the person may be beneficial. Some people need a sarcastic remark to wake them up, but on the whole these sharp, reproachful words do not help in gaining friendships or in character reformation.

To consider sarcasm and irony as synonyms is a big mistake made by many people. Irony is a figure of speech in which the meaning is contrary to that which is seemingly expressed. Irony may be gentle or cutting. Sarcasm is an utterance in which bitterness or taunting reproachfulness predominates. It may or may not be ironical, but a sarcastic remark will always be cutting, ill-natured, or contemptuous, and never very gentle.

A person who is in the habit of using sarcasm to any great extent does not have many worthy friends. Sarcasm, I think, is one of the worse characteristics one can have. It gradually narrows one's mind. It certainly lowers the estimation of the user, and it doesn't show any marked brilliancy. The appearance of a person who bears this trait is never welcomed cordially. People often fear that they will be severely and harshly criticised if they express their opinions when an advocate of this type is present. Therefore a sarcastic person is more often dreaded than received gladly. And what is worse than to be friendless?

When Evening's Near

By ALICE KINGSBURY, '26

Firelight on the open hearth,
Flickering shadows everywhere;
A lazy cat before the fire,
A rosy lamp, a comfy chair,
A well-worn book, one special pet,
Perhaps 'tis prose, perhaps 'tis rhyme,
Alone to read and think and dream
At evening time.

Outside 'tis bitter cold and raw,
And the wind's a howling 'round;
Inside there's warmth and happiness,
The cat's low purr the only sound
To break the stillness of the hour;
Inside there's only happy cheer,
And cozy comfort brooding o'er
When evening's near.

Undiscovered

By ELEANOR JARVIS, '26

There's music in the ocean's roll,
There's harmony in flowers,
There's color in a thousand things,
In country lanes and bowers.
There's company in desert wastes,
There's friendship in icy plains,
There's city joy in country towns
Along the roads and lanes.
There's many a treasure—beautiful—rare—
Unknown to mortal mind,
Which man should know by proving so,
There's many a thing to find.

Only A Smile

By CATHERINE A. GROVES, '26

Nothing more lonesome than the little woman in black could be imagined. She sat all by herself in a corner, watching others go by in groups, laughing and talking together. The place was the North Station, Boston. The weather was rainy and cold. The station was dark, lighted up in spots with bright-colored raincoats and umbrellas which only made the woman's black coat look more gloomy. Although she was in a large city among thousands of people, she had never felt so lonely in her life. Everybody had a place to go to, everybody had some one to meet; she had nothing to do for two hours, until her train went. She had planned to spend this time seeing the city, but this drizzling had dissuaded her. What was the use of getting wet when one was unable to see anything anyway? The rain, and the umbrellas, hindered one from beholding the "beauties" of Boston. Therefore she continued in her corner, an inconspicuous, solitary woman whom nobody noticed.

Finally she could stand it no longer, and on a sudden impulse she jumped up and went out. If she did this with the idea of bettering her condition, she was disappointed, for it was more dismal than within, if that were possible. The water ran in streams along the streets, making the pavements so slippery that she nearly fell before she had gone three yards. The automobiles rushed by, splashing her with mud. Those who were without umbrellas were in such a hurry that they nearly knocked her down, and those who had theirs conceitedly thrust them around, often hitting her. The whole world seemed bent on seeking its own pleasure and comfort. However, she had some companions in misery: the newspaper boys blew on their fingers, and jumped around to keep warm, crying in the intervals, "Two freeze to death. Buy the *Post*, *Post*, lady, *Post*?" She was getting tired, so she decided to turn back towards the station. Then she found another class of individuals

who seemed to belong to the same forgotten group of people as the newsboys and herself. The poor traffic cop stood in the rain, with water running off all over him, and automobiles sliding all around him.

While crossing near one of these, she turned and looked at him in pity; they were two unfortunate people in a fortunate world. As she turned she slipped and nearly fell. Suddenly the latest object of her pity gave her a good-natured grin, and said, "Beautiful day, isn't it?" She was so surprised that she had no idea what she answered. So some people didn't mind standing all day in the rain. In fact she began to see things differently now. All these people were not unkind, they were just happy and busy; they were human beings like herself—she began to have a kind of affection for them. Then there were worse things than rain—she began to think it rather fun to rush along with so many other people, all of whom were defying the weather. Boston was a pleasant city, and the world was a fairly good place to be in after all.

Thus can a smile work a miracle.



Shakespeare's Quill

By JOHN D. GREENE, P. G.

Oh mighty feather of the greatest hand
Which e'er has used thy kin,
Tell thy dead master's secret, we demand
And plant it now herein.

If I could e'er possess that mighty force
For centuries so dead,
My thoughts and words which now are vague and coarse
Would be supreme instead.

We study and we read and paraphrase
The works of Shakespeare's mind;
And even then the strength which meets our gaze
In us we cannot find.

The genius which we seek through labors long,
No man shall find again.
For only he had power of brain so strong,
"To know his fellow men."

Betty's Christmas Shopping

By ESTHER SUTTON, '26

Betty was bent on a very important mission. It was some time since she had actually enjoyed herself, but today she felt that she was due for a real thrill.

"I'm going to see Santa Claus today, Marie," she said eagerly to the maid who was giving her brown curls a final touch. "It's a whole year since I've seen him, but I expect he'll be just the same as ever. I wish I could take Curly Pup with me. Daddy gave me some money all for myself, to spend on presents, and I'm going to buy them after I've seen Santa and told him all I want."

A little later, a costly limousine drew up at the curb in front of a large department store. Out stepped Betty, a perfect picture-child, in her little fur-trimmed coat and hat. She was accompanied by her governess, a tall, aristocratic-looking woman, whom she clutched by the hand and fairly dragged along, in her eagerness to see "Santa." Into the store they hurried, and up the stairs, to where the jolly old fellow was receiving many little visitors. At last Betty's turn came.

"Santa, do you remember me?" she asked.

He gravely assured her that he had not forgotten her, in the least.

"Well, then, I'll thank you for all the things you brought me last year, especially my Curly Pup. I wanted to bring him to see you this morning, but they wouldn't let me. This year I want a parrot, some white mice, a bunny, and some guinea pigs."

"You must like animals, little girl," said Santa.

"Oh yes," Betty replied, "when I grow up I'm going to have a hospital for all the stray dogs, and cats, and mice n'everything. I s'pose you'll be busy now with all the rest, but don't forget me. Goodbye."

"Now we'll do our shopping," said Betty, turning to her companion as she led the way out into the street.

Their destination was several blocks away, but Betty decided to walk so she

could look in the windows. One of the displays attracted her attention. It was in a store where they sold pets, and in the foreground was a cage full of "Curly Pups." Then Betty noticed something else. Beside her, with his face pressed longingly against the pane, was a ragged urchin of about her own age. Betty thought of her own Curly Pup at home, and then she turned and looked again at the little boy. If ever there was hunger written in any face, it was evident in this one; not so much bodily hunger, though he certainly looked undernourished, but the yearning for something to love.

Betty turned away, and went into the store.

"What are you going to do now, you foolish child?" protested her governess, but Betty paid no attention.

When she came out, a few minutes later, she carried with her a beautiful Curly Pup.

"Here boy," she said, "he isn't as nice as my Curly Pup, but I know you'll love him."

The little fellow was so astonished that he could barely stammer out his thanks, but when he clasped the puppy in his arms, his big brown eyes were filled with such gratitude that they thanked Betty sufficiently.

That night after Betty had told her father of her experience she said, "I think that when I grow up, I'll have a home for stray children."



The Highway of Life

By BESSIE L. GILLESPIE, '26

Life is a broadening highway

Extending far out from our sight;

Stones all uneven do mar it,

Our blunderings on the night.

All lives may be just what each makes them,

For each may be great or small;

Deeds done in kindness lead onward,

And each is a victory call,

Urging us onward and upward,

The end of the road as our aim;

For striving and straining on upward

Is gaining and conquering fame.

Peace At Last

By KATHERINE S. VOORHEES, '26

The Scene: The play takes place in the living-room and kitchen of a modern house. One-half of the stage is set for the living room and the other half for the kitchen. A wall and door separate them. The rooms may be arranged as desired, providing there is a sink full of dishes in the kitchen, and a couch and several easy chairs in the living room.

The Time: Any evening.

The Characters: (In the order of their first appearance).

Audrey Lovell, a girl of eighteen years.

Mrs. Lovell, her mother.

Grace Lovell, Audrey's younger sister who is twelve years old.

Mr. Thomas Lovell, the husband and father.

Mrs. Jones, a neighbor.

Aud.: Mother, I do wish you'd make Grace help with the dishes. All she ever wants to do is sit around and read.

Mrs. L.: Will you children please stop quarrelling? I've read this passage over ten times and I don't know what it means yet.

Aud.: Well, I don't intend to do all the slave work in the house.

Grace: Oh don't bother me, I have a cold.

Aud.: That doesn't hinder you from drying the dishes.

Grace: I said I don't feel well.

Mrs. L.: You have a cold? Oh dear, I shall take your temperature, and if you have one you're going to bed.

Grace: But I don't want to go to bed.

Mrs. L.: Just as I say, you shall go to bed if you have a temperature. The doctor said you should.

Aud.: Oh, mother, don't bother with her. Can't you see she's only faking so as to get out of doing the dishes?

Grace: I am not, I don't feel well.

Mrs. L.: Off to bed, then.

Grace: I'll just lie down.

Mrs. L.: No, you won't. You'll go right

to bed if you're ill. It seems to me, though, that you ate a very good supper for a sick person.

Grace: No more than usual. In fact, I wasn't very hungry. (All this time Mr. Lovell is impatiently waiting for the turmoil to cease. He finally voices his thoughts.)

Mr. L.: Can't you children let me have peace? Here I work all day long, and come home to quarrelling. Now, I want it stopped immediately.

(Quiet for a moment. They all read.)

Mrs. L.: Audrey, you'd better—I place the responsibility on you, and if you can get your sister to help you—very well! I'm tired, and absolutely will not do them.

Aud.: But mother, I won't wash dishes while my lazy sister rests. (Audrey leaves sitting-room, stubbornly. Enters kitchen, puts on apron, and starts washing dishes. Moment of silence except for sound of dishes.)

Grace: Mother, may I wear Audrey's high-heeled black shoes tonight?

Mrs. L.: Why don't be absurd child. You with high heels! (Audrey has stopped her dishwashing and is listening.)

Aud.: You wouldn't wear them even if you were old enough. They're mine!

Grace: But I am old enough. All the girls my age wear high heels and use powder.

Aud.: You'll not use my vanity cases, young lady!

Mrs. L.: Oh dear, oh dear! Such a family! Will you please mind your own business, Audrey?

Aud.: But I am minding my own business mother. If my shoes and my vanity cases aren't mine, whose are they?

Mr. L.: I cannot stand this a minute longer. I'm going out to a show. It seems too bad—

(Starts to exit).

(Doorbell rings. Mr. Lovell goes out. Returns with neighbor.)

Mrs. L.: Why, good evening, Mrs. Jones.

I'm so glad to see you. Won't you have a chair?

Mrs. J.: Good-evening. Thank you. I thought I'd run over to a change of scenery. Betty and John are nearly driving me crazy with their quarrelling.

Mr. L.: You're not the only one, Mrs. Jones.

(Grace greets Mrs. Jones and leaves the room, closing the door after her.)

Aud.: So you've actually resorted to the kitchen?

Grace: Thought I might as well since I feel better, and I don't want to hear that pest talk about the young people of today any more. (She wipes dishes.)

Mr. L.: Peace at last! I might as well stay in now. I'm so glad you came over, Mrs. Jones.

Curtain.



Success

By EDGAR STANLEY, '28

It had always been my highest ambition to wear the uniform of a naval officer. My father was not in favor of the idea and tried to discourage me many times by relating imaginary stories of the hardship of sea life. This fact, however, made me more determined to make a success in spite of the obstacles which confronted me.

At the age of eighteen years, I started out against my father's wishes and went aboard the training ship, "U. S. *Nantucket*." I was given a uniform and the equipment of a common sailor. I was not aboard more than an hour, when a rough looking sailor approached me and said: "Hey, youngster, got a cigarette?"

I answered in the negative, for I never carried tobacco in any form.

"Still hanging on to your mother's apron strings, are yer?" he sneered.

"Yes," I replied meekly.

The word passed around in an incredibly short time that I did not smoke. From that time on, I was never asked whether or not I had tobacco.

In the course of five years we had encountered only one violent storm which I shall relate.

To begin with, we were ninety miles off the coast of Florida. All morning the sky was overcast and the air was raw. As it happened to be my watch, I was standing on the bridge. In less than fifteen minutes, a stiff gale blew and the captain signalled for

more speed. Very soon we were plunging through the waves at a rapid pace.

The velocity of the wind was increasing every minute till it had attained the speed of ninety miles an hour. We were just holding our own for three hours with the bow in the teeth of the wind. Many gigantic waves crashed over the bow of the vessel. I admit that I was exceedingly terrified as the mountainous waves racked the ship from stem to stern, and I clung frantically to the long steel railing where the churning waters soon drenched me.

Most of my comrades had turned in for the night, although I doubt whether or not they slept much. Very soon I was glad to follow their example. All night long, I was kept awake by wild rumbling sounds except for a few minutes rest at irregular intervals.

In the morning I was up and dressed early. The first thing I did was to find out the cause of all the loud noise during the night. Much to my surprise, all the dishes on the ship had been broken. After breakfast I chanced to go on deck. A refreshing and wonderful sight met my eyes, as I gazed thoughtfully over the water. The sun was rising and cast its golden rays upon the gently heaving waters. I remembered the storm just a few hours ago, but it seemed like days and months ago to me.

After three years of hard systematic studying, I reached the height of my ambition. I was now the captain; my sea career was a success.

A Night at an Island

By WINTHROP M. SOUTHWORTH, JR., '26

All around us was a vast sea of moonlight illuminating the entire island with its soft effulgent glow. Before us, extending as far as the eye could see, shone the phosphorus ocean sparkling under the moon. At regular intervals the broad ray of the lighthouse on a neighboring island made its arc across the water and the island, and then returned. Below us was a deep, narrow chasm into which the sea kept hurling its tons of foam-

ing water which splashed against the walls and then flowed back. Behind us was the island with rocks and monuments jutting up here and there. In the background the stolid silhouette of the chapel stood out, and further back glimmered the lights of the hotel. There was no noise save the rhythmic pounding of the sea against the island walls and the splash of the return. Everything was calm and seemed to be merged into one complete, harmonious picture.



Louise's Problem

By FLORENCE M. STANLEY, '27

The evening service had just drawn to a close, as Louise, a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, walked thoughtfully from the church. She did not wait for any of her friends. She preferred to be alone. Many questions were crowding upon her mind. Never before had she fully realized just what this, her life's work, really meant to her. She had puzzled and thought many times, but in vain; she could never decide what appealed to her most. But tonight things seemed different; the whole service had been so inspiring that everybody was stirred as the minister pronounced the benediction.

It was a warm evening in the early part of September, and a soft breeze was blowing. Louise thought that she would hurry home and solve her problem on the little wooden bench in the garden where there would be no interruptions. Upon reaching her destination, she seated herself on the bench, and removed her hat, letting the breeze blow gently through her hair. She tried to consider what

the minister had said. Why did she feel so stirred? Because she realized now that she must know what her life's work should be. What could she do to help others? How beautifully the minister had given that message of life's service. She was young and felt as if she ought to be doing something to help the world. What had impressed her most. The minister or that sweet music? She thought of the choir and the soloist. How wonderful was the music! What added so much to it? She knew now. It was the organ. Just singing could not be so beautiful. It was music which appealed to her most. She could hear that choir now. Why it had been music which she loved most. Music should be her life work. Certainly she was adapted for this future. When her whole heart and soul was in it, it must be her work. She thought of how she might be able to inspire others as she had been inspired. That surely was helping others to see the higher things of life.



Doing Your Best

By P. BARBARA CHILDS, '29

To do your best is a wonderful thing,

In the church, in the school, in the home,
For I'm sure one never can know too much,
When thither he must roam.

You must learn your Latin, English, and French,

If you go on the Road to Success,
And not be a tramp on an old park bench
Thinking how Time sure does press.

If you sit back and say, "No, I can't do it,"
Before you even have tried.

You will lose your great chances, in Life that will come,
You also will lose all your Pride.

But if you get up and say, "Yes, I can do it,"

And then try your best in the Game,
You'll see that hard trying will help you each day,
To win for yourself a Great Name.

The Shortest Distance

By DORIS MURTFELDT, '27

The bell for dismissal had rung at last. Never had Ted had such a difficult lesson in Geometry. On the school steps he found his chum, Bob, waiting. Together they went to the Public Library not far from the school building.

Ted immediately went to a shelf and took down Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Bob provided himself with a book also, and they sat down at a table in a corner of the reading room farthest away from the watchful librarian.

Suddenly a strangely dressed man, with a black patch on one eye, was staring at Ted from over the top of the table. Then, catching the boy's eye, he beckoned with a hand minus two fingers. They went around the table and seemed to disappear through the floor. Ted found himself sliding down a perpendicular mast to the deck of a ship.

"Straight line, shortest distance," mumbled the man, "Say, 'aye, aye sir,' or ye'll find yourself walking the plank. Straight line, shortest distance," he repeated significantly.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Ted, as he looked about him wonderingly. The ship was the strangest that he had ever seen. It was shaped like a triangle. The sails were trapezoids and the crew wore large white letters on the front of their queer jackets. Standing near to him was A. glaring at him through his acute angled-shaped eyes. A little farther down on deck he saw prime scrubbing the flooring with a rectangular brush and a square of soap. Furthermore, he could see the letters of the alphabet up to G. The pirates, for it was a pirate ship, had compasses and rulers stuck in their belts for weapons.

Unexpectedly the door of the hatchway was flung open and a man with a wooden leg clumped out.

"Ah, so here's another victim," said he, pointing a finger covered with pencil marks, at Ted, "Good work, Silver. Now, we

shall see how much ye remember from the Hol'day," turning to Ted.

"Well, my hearties, what shall it be?" jeered Flint, for so it was, none other than Old Flint.

"Inscribed angle," shouted one.

"Area of Polygon," shouted another.

"The Pythagorean Theorem," shouted a third.

"Aye, aye the Pythagorean Theorem," and others took up the cry.

"I calls that rather a mean proportion," said one sailor who seemed kindlier than the rest. He could see Ted's knees shake and could almost hear the loud beating of the boy's heart.

"Be still, you lubbers!" roared the captain, "Pythagorean it shall be or the plank. Come, ye, greenhorn, hurry up! Don't ye be so slow or it's the deep for ye. Come, I say, prove that proposition. If ye can, I'll give ye half the gold I have."

Ted was helpless. He could not think; he could not answer. He began to squirm and wriggle, standing first on one foot then shifting to the other, but there was no hope. Soon the pirates began poking him and urging him on with the sharp points of their compasses.

"He can't do it. To the plank!" ordered Captain Flint with an ugly satisfied grin.

Poor Ted walked the straight line, the shortest distance; nearer and nearer he came, then down—down—Thump!

Ted sat up blinking and rubbed the fast growing bump on his head. He looked at Bob sheepishly, and then at the chair he had so recently occupied.

"Humph! I guess Geometry's too much for you. You made enough noise to drown—What's the matter? I was only going to say to drown a freight train. Say, quick, let's beat it. Here comes the librarian," said Bob.

Poetry

Veritas (Truth)

By MILDRED L. JOY, '26

When we are shaken by doubt and fear,
And life tempts us with evil art,
When from the course of right we veer,
We feel a tapping at our heart.

A maiden robed in spotless white,
The wreath of love twined in her hair,
Holds forth to us the wand of Right,
And pleads with us in earnest prayer.

"Stay, friend," Truth's gentle voice commands,
"Before you are two paths of life.
One follows straight to goodly lands,
The other winds to deathly strife.

The first is rocky—sometimes steep,
Yet safely here I guide the good;
The second's shady way leads deep
Into the maze of Evil's wood."

When at this forked road we stand
And pause with questioning, doubting mind,
Let Truth's sweet words be our command,
"Come, friend, with me. Leave wrong behind!"



The Picture Gallery

By ESTHER M. SUTTON, '26

The walls are lined with portraits strange
From days of long ago,
Such thrilling tales each one could tell
If he could speak, I know.
Stern Puritan forefathers all,
Austere, and calm, and cold;
A Quaker maiden most demure;
A soldier brave and bold.
Princes, and earls, and barons pure,
And women of titled rank;
A fair-haired King of Britain,
His counselor true and frank.
Each life has with'eld its secrets from us,
We guess whate'er we may,
We know they lived, and loved, and died
Just as we do today.

Senile Wisdom

By JOHN D. GREENE, P. G.

The silver gray of the aged head
Shone as the evening star.
The mouth ne'er spoke—yet thoughts I read
Which cast their voice afar.

The thunderous force of the senile mind
Brought a vision—all my own.
Search as ye may—ye ne'er shall find
The light I might have known.

I scorned this message of a soul
Which sought to wisdom lend.
Not thinking of the monstrous toll
To pay, I did offend.

Wiser now with age am I;
And wise my words, though few.
My voice cannot without a sigh
Proclaim these thoughts to you.

Accept this rude philosophy
Which springs from heart sincere;
The life will tenfold better be
Which holds all wisdom dear.



The Moth

By ESTHER M. SUTTON, '26

Out of the dimness of the night
Flashes a silvery gleam of light;
Whirling and twirling here and there,
Gauzy wings shining in the air,
Fluttering high and fluttering low
In glorious rhythm, to and fro.
Fairy-like creature of misty light
Lost once again in the velvet night.



Thanksgiving

By RUTH E. DAVIS, '26

The Pilgrims, influenced by the Almighty God above,
Exchanged their hatred toward their fellow-men for
love.
They forgave and forgot the cruel deeds of savage war,
And vowed to live a thankful life, then, and forever-
more.



Why Not?

By VIRGINIA TINKER, '26

Why not be jolly and gay?
In your work and in your play
Although it is hard, try to smile
Don't be grouchy all the while.

Why not be busy? It helps,
Think of others, not yourself.
Unhappiness leads to distress.
Help your friends, then Life's a success.

A Bedtime Would-You-Believe-It Story

By LOUISE SCHIRMER, '27

What, children, you want another story? Well, well how would you like a fairy story? That's all right? I'll begin it the real old-fashioned way.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Phoebe. Now Phoebe couldn't walk without crutches because, you see, she was lame. She lived with a cross old stepmother on the border of the woods. She was very unhappy because this stepmother was very cruel and never let her play. So one day when her stepmother had been particularly cross, and had beaten her, and sent her to bed without any dinner, Phoebe decided to do a very bad thing; that was, to run away.

Well, she waited until she saw her stepmother go out of the house with a basket over her arm. Where do you suppose she was going? Why to market, of course. As I was saying, Phoebe started out of the house and where do you think she went? She went into the woods. It was cool and quiet there, and the little girl walked on for a long way. But it was hard going, for her crutches kept catching on roots and stones; so very soon she began to look for a good place to rest. She saw a big oak tree beside a little brook and there she sank down and closed her eyes. My, but it seemed good to rest! How tired she was!

She was almost asleep when she heard a tiny voice saying, "Hurry, hurry. It will never do to keep the queen waiting."

Phoebe opened her eyes and at first saw no one, but upon looking at the ground near her hand she saw, what do you think? A real live fairy. Yes sir, that's what she saw. He was about the size of my little finger and dressed all in pink like a rose bud. When he realized that she saw him he pointed to the brook, and said, "There is the queen who sent me to get you. You must come at once."

Phoebe followed his finger, and saw on the bank of the brook nearest her a delicate rose petal that curved gently upward, forming a

sort of canopy. In the center of this lovely barge was a beautiful little fairy, clothed in the blossom of a lily, with a crown made of dewdrops set on her tiny head. There were a score of dainty tiny little fairies scattered around here, dressed in all the delicate hues imaginable.

"Come, come," said the fairy to Phoebe, "don't waste so much time looking, but come with me to the boat."

"But how can I?" inquired poor Phoebe, "I am much too large, I would sink the boat in a second."

"Of course, how stupid of me. Oh well, I'll fix that in a jiffy," and so saying the little mite was rubbing the bottom of Phoebe's feet with some pollen from a rose. In a trice Phoebe was no taller than the fairy himself, would you believe it?

She hastily followed him to the boat and there he introduced her to the fairy queen.

The queen explained to her that she was often lonesome and got rather tired of fairies, so she thought she would like a little mortal to play with. Therefore, when she saw Phoebe lying under the tree, she sent one of her fairies to bring her to the boat.

The queen took Phoebe to her home, a beautiful palace on a little hill. There she soon grew to love the gentle little girl, as did all the other fairies, and roses soon began to bloom in her pale thin cheeks. But best of all about fairies, almost, was the fact that she no longer needed crutches but could run about as other children do.

One day, Phoebe, and a number of little fairies, were walking along the bank of the brook. They were very careful not to touch the water, for the Brook fairies, old enemies of the Land fairies, were always waiting to throw their seed pearl chains around and draw into the water any land fairy who dared touch it. Suddenly Phoebe saw a beautiful pink shell lying in the shallow water. Without thinking, she reached for it, but the

moment her feet touched the water she felt the cold pearl chains of the Brook fairies about her and she was drawn under quickly into the domains of the Brook fairies.

Now children, I haven't time to night to tell you all that happened to Phoebe in the domains of the Brook fairies, but I will tell you how the fairy queen marshalled out all her tiny warriors clad in pale pink with a rose in each tiny hand. The queen sat on her throne, which had been moved to a tussock of grass near where the fight was to take place. The land fairies lined up on the edge of the brook, and each one had a long chain of rosebuds to capture the brook fairies as they captured the land fairies with their pearl chains. Then the fighting began. Back and forth dashed the pearl chains taking many poor land fairies captives, and back and forth flew the rose chains, taking many brook fairies captives.

All day they fought, and at night the weary fairies were replaced by many more fairies; and so they fought all night. One time the fairy queen was nearly captured by the brook fairies, but a brave little land fairy seized her from her throne, and deftly avoiding the glistening pearl chains, carried her to safety.

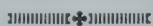
At last the commander of the land queen's forces, waded knee deep in the brook, and threw his chain into the water. He could feel a tug at the end of it, just the way you

do when you go fishing and have a bite, and so he knew that there must be a brook fairy at the end of it. He pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and other fairies helped him pull, and pull, and pull. At last he pulled out, what do you think? Why the queen of the brook fairies of course. She was clothed in sea green, embroidered with tiny, tiny seed pearls, and was seated on a throne of pearls.

The commander brought her before the land queen. The poor thing was scarcely able to breathe out of the water and so the land queen told her that if she would send back Phoebe, and promise never, never to molest her fairies again that she, the land queen, would let her return to her kingdom, or, I should say queendom. The poor queen promised, and as soon as the commander released her she gave one dive and was seen no more. In a second, however, as if by magic (it probably was by magic), Phoebe stood before them.

Thus ended the battle between the land fairies and the brook fairies. Needless to say the brook fairies kept their word and the two groups are friends to this day. Every hundred years from the day of that battle they meet at the edge of the brook and celebrate all day, and Phoebe is always the guest of honor.

There, children, that is all for tonight. Now run along to bed like good kiddies. That's right. Goodnight.



Dedicated to a Picture of Caesar

By PEARL NANSAWEN, '27

O, noble Caesar on the wall, enframed with praises many
It's not my fault you're hanging there; on you I'd waste no penny.
They hung you there (I mean my folks) upon my study wall.
They thought that then I would like you and all your wars in Gaul.

But, mighty Caesar, if they'd known, they'd never spent the money
For all I ever think of you is that you look most funny!
You do not look as though you wrote those books that drive me crazy.

But yet folks say that you yourself were anything but lazy!

Acquainted well with noble deeds, oh Caesar born to glory,
If I had but a single wish, 'twould be against your story
Of how you fought the Gallic wars and conquered all your foes,
Because in its translation you've caused a million woes.

I know you love all praises too, but I won't give you any.
For as I said a bit before, on you I'd waste no penny.
But noble Caesar on the wall, I suppose you had to be,
And it isn't fair to call you down because you bother me.

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"



Professor Josef Lihelaine
Teacher of "Dancing-Fancy (and otherwise)"



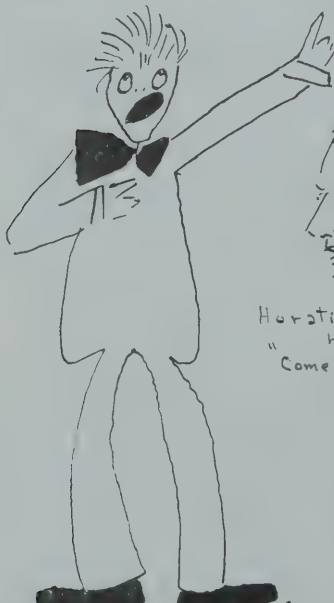
Jane Pierce
who has recently acquired
Fame thru her novel -
"The Great Silence."



Well, well, upon my word,
it is old Deacon!



Our Future Champion
A wee bit of Scotch, eh, Seaver?



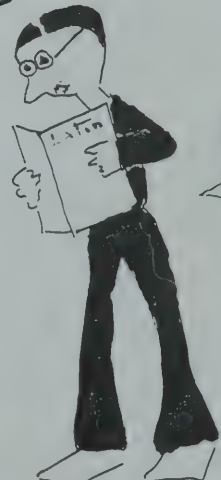
malcolm straight-one
winner of The 1932
Marathon



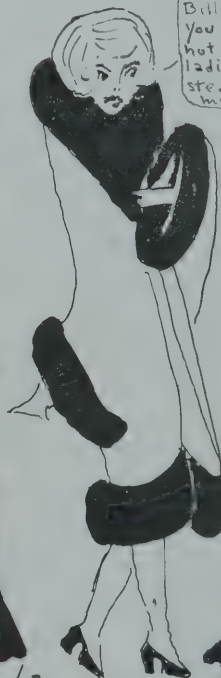
Horstius Treble
now starring in
"Come out of the lunch room"



China Kimball presents
a series of lectures on "The
Perils of Bobbed Hair"



"Buck-it"

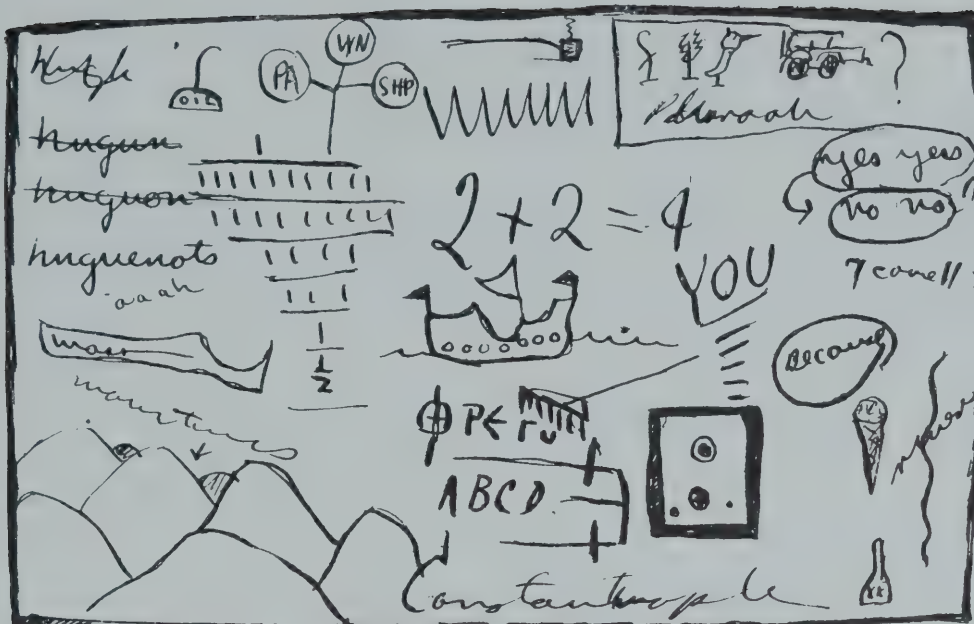


Believe dear,
you really must
not run after those
ladies - they might
steal you away from
me!

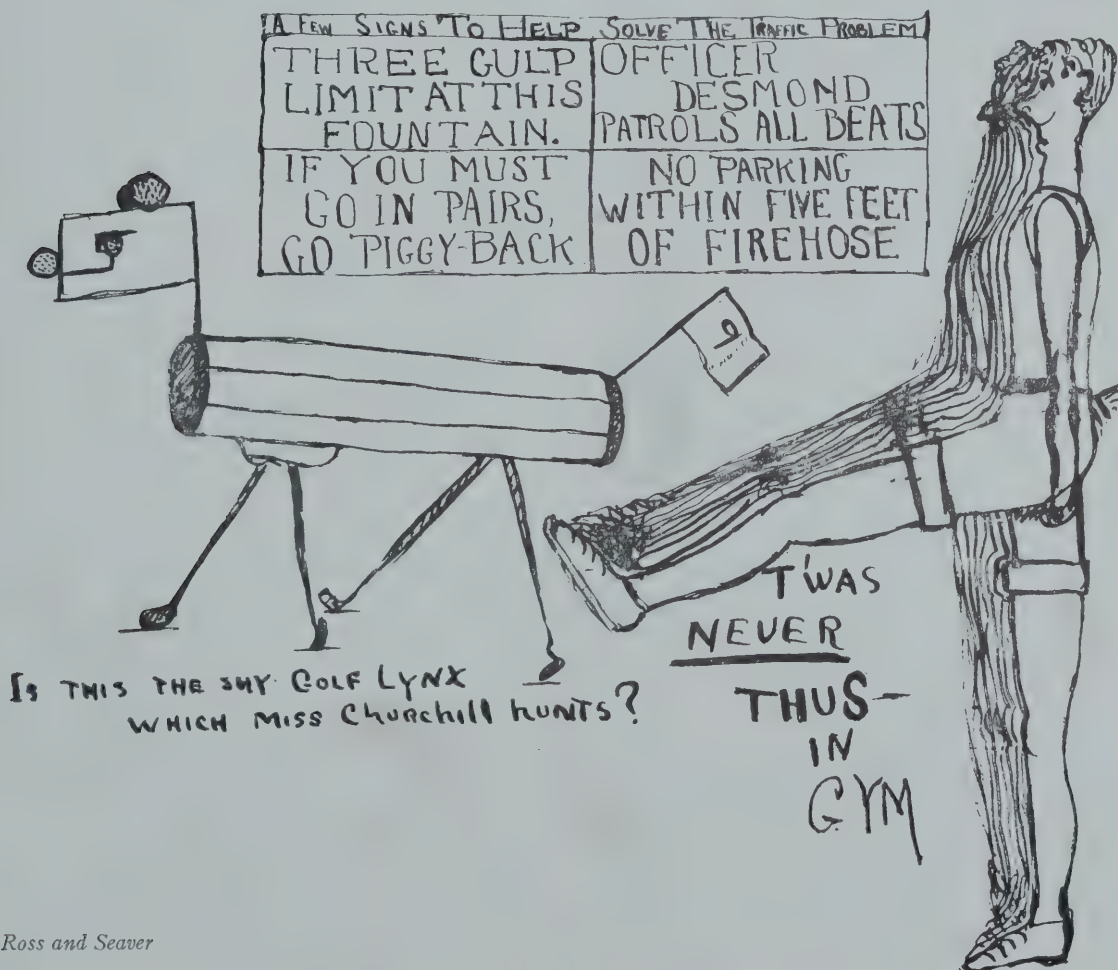


1914/25 //

SOAP
P. & C. Variety



MR FROST'S BOARD AT THE END OF A HARD DAY.





EAVESDROPPER

Freshman Class Report

The first meeting of the Freshman class was held the last of September and the following officers were elected:

President, Alvan Ryan.

Vice-President, Eleanor Glidden

Secretary, Freda Queen.

Treasurer, Karl Flint.

At the second meeting on September 29, the class chose Miss Florence Durgin and C. K. Delano as class advisers.

The next meeting was held to decide the class colors. Ruth Allen, Jean Sweetland, John Anderson, Alvan Ryan, and Walter Bezanson were elected a committee to consider colors. Orange and Black were selected.

Freshmen representations on the football squad are Karl Flint, Bryce Walton, and Robert Mann.

Respectfully submitted,
Freda Queen, *Secretary*.

Sophomore Class Report

The first meeting of the Sophomore class was held in September. A nominating committee consisting of Frederic Murray, Elsa Zirsch, Marion Burgess, William Wragg, and Anna Hickey was elected. Their report was submitted and the following were elected:

President, William Cotter.

Vice-President, Joseph Smith.

Secretary, Marion Steves.

Treasurer, Margaret Rideout.

At a second meeting held in September a committee was selected to secure samples of class rings. The members of this committee were Elizabeth Parry, William Carter, Elmer Walker, Marguerite Stack and Anna Hickey.

The samples were submitted and a ring chosen.

Faculty advisers decided upon were Miss Eva H. Churchill and Miss Helen Parker.

The Class is represented on the field hockey and football teams.

The class colors previously decided upon were changed this year by vote of the class, to Silver and Green.

Respectfully submitted,
MARION STEVES, *Secretary*.

Sophomore members of the school orchestra are: Herbert Williams, 'cello; Ruth Bruns, violin; Mario DeFazio, violin; Edward Dik, saxophone; Malcolm Tobey, drums; Channing Davis, saxophone; Malcolm Stratton, saxophone.

The two Sophomores in the Mandolin Club are Arthur Curren and Betty Darrah.

The class is represented on the girls' hockey team by Dorothy Brooks, Evelyn Davis, Muriel Gay, Doris Adams, Edna Kroog, and Marion Burgess.

The class is also represented on the football squad by William Cotter, Burton Nichols Eugene Bleakney, Elton Staples.

The Glee Club Sophomores are Pauline Donovan, Margaret Notman, Hazel Richards, Elizabeth Mitchell, Isabel Drury, Anna Hickey, Corinne Cowdrey, Helen Brown, Grace Atcheson, Jean Whetton, Marion Burgess, Stella Westin, Lois Eichler, Dorothy Brooks, Marion Nickerson, Elizabeth Parry, Elizabeth Brown, Franklin Wood, and Charles Tinker.

Junior Class Notes

Once upon a time way back in the month of September, 1925, the Junior Class returned

enthusiastically to school after a long enjoyable vacation. Much deliberating and pondering ensued for the election of class officers, and finally Ruth Thomas, Virginia Richwagen, Willard Bond, Howard Godfrey, and George Rice were chosen for the nominating committee. The result of the election was as follows:

President, George Rice.
Vice-President, Howard Godfrey.
Treasurer, Harold Vincent.
Secretary, Mildred Packard.

The football players, Sumner Adams, John Castagnetti, Francis Coburn, John Drinkwater, Howard Godfrey, Robert Marshall, John O'Connor, George Rice, and Harold Vincent of the Junior Class donned their blue and white suits. We not only have a feeling of satisfaction but we are proud to think that our class is so well represented on the team.

The girls' hockey team is not so well represented in numbers but we admire the participants, Jean Keltie, Eleanor Rohn, and Ruth Thomas, for their fortitude and class spirit.

The class was called together again November 3, to elect a committee of five to decide upon a gift for David Gross who was injured at a track meet last spring. He has the sympathy of the class and the entire school in his affliction, and we all hope for his complete recovery. We shall be glad when he can return to school once more.

A committee was also appointed to select class colors.

Another matter brought up for consideration was the choice of a class motto. It was decided to ask each member of the class to submit a motto. The best of these is to be chosen later by popular vote.

Submitted respectfully,
 MILDRED PACKARD, *Secretary*

Senior Class Notes

At the first meeting of the Senior Class the following officers were elected:

President, Lars A. Nelson.
Vice-President, Bessie Gillespie.

Secretary, Margaret Seymour.
Treasurer, Donald H. Mitchell.

The class advisers are Miss Bernice Caswell and Mr. Fred L. Frost.

At the second meeting of the Senior Class held November 16, the class elected the following committees: Prom committee, Bessie Gillespie, William Mitchell, Ruth Norcross, Winthrop M. Southworth, Jr., M. Evelyn Hansen, and Donald H. Mitchell; Class Picture Committee, Ruth Newcomb, Horace Preble, Esther Sutton, Virginia Tinker, and Russell Seaver.

A third meeting was held on November 22, at which the committee on arrangements for the senior stunt at the Gross entertainment, Irvine E. Ross, Jr., Elizabeth Kimball, and Blanche Whelan, gave its report. In addition a property committee for the stunt was elected and ten dollars appropriated to finance the stunt.

Respectfully submitted
 Margaret Seymour, *Secretary*.

English Club Report

President, Donald H. Mitchell.
Vice-President, Margaret Seymour.
Secretary, Mildred Joy.
Treasurer, Winthrop M. Southworth, Jr.

Several years ago Needham High School discussed the question of an English Club. A club was wanted which would develop the talents of its members, and which would provide interesting entertainments.

The Club has succeeded in fulfilling this aim. The debating, the dramatic, the musical and the reading talents of its members have been displayed; entertainment from outside sources has also been provided.

Everyone has enjoyed the initiation programs that the English Club has presented. No one who has participated in them has missed having many thrills and laughs.

This year in October when it was rumored that the English Club was to have charge of an assembly everyone was interested.

A very entertaining Columbus Day program was presented with Miss Jane Pierce acting as chairman. The assembly was opened with devotional exercises led by Mr. Donald McPhail. Miss Anna Hickey directed the singing of "Come Thou Almighty King." An address entitled "The Effect of Columbus on Modern Day Patriotism" was presented by Mr. Winthrop M. Southworth. Readings were given by Miss Eleanor Jarvis and Mr. Charles Southworth, and Miss Ruth Norcross played two piano selections. The salute to the flag was led by Mr. Russell Seaver, and the assembly was closed with the singing of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

The Club is anticipating many more interesting programs both for its members and for the school assemblies.

Respectfully submitted,

MILDRED L. JOY, *Secretary*.



Musical Activities

A larger number of our student body than ever before has taken part in the musical curriculum offered at N. H. S. In fact such a number that if we believe that quantity makes quality we can well expect some fine results from these organized groups throughout the year.

The members of the Glee Club are as follows:

Third Period Glee Club

Ruth Allen, Priscilla Boyd, Barbara Childs, Barbara Church, Corrine Cowdrey, Eleanor Day, Pauline Donovan, Isabell Drury, Helen Coombs, Eleanor Glidden, Gloria Green, Barbara Hall, Anna Hickey, Edna Inge, Ruth Jones, Margaret Kimball, Evelyn Lindahl, Margaret Notman, Ruth Peticolas, Hazel Richards, Dorothea Salmon, Ruth Starkweather, Jean Sweetland, June Waldron.

Fourth Period Glee Club

Grace Atkinson, Helen Brown, Marian Chambers, Kathrine Chilson, Marion Clues, Elsie E. Cook, Dorothy Cookson, Charlotte Cushman, Helen Clark, Thelma Gorse, Louise Josselyn, Violet Killam, Eleanor Mason, Cathrine Matthes, Frieda Queen, Elsie Scotten, Esther Sutton, Mabel Thomas, Marion Wagner, Jean Whetton, Grace Vara.

Sixth Period Glee Club

Sumner Adams, Vincent Bertsch, Dorothy Brooks, Marion Burgess, Francis Coburn, Miss Cylinski, Helen Crawley, Miss Dawson, Evelyn Davis, Channing Davis, Miss Dennis, Donald Eaton, Lois Eichler, Miss Ferrand, Mary Ford, John Greene, Constance Healey, Eleanor Jarvis, Miss Koldenberg, Milton Marshall, Miss Neill, Lars Nelson, Ruth Newcomb, Marion Nickerson, Reginald O'Conner, Richard Rawlings, Elizabeth Parry, Miss Peirce, Evelyn Queene, Sherbourn Rand, Margaret Rideout, Eleanor Rohn, Everett Roper, Raymond Smith, Winthrop Smith, Winthrop M. Southworth, Jr., Charles Tinker, James Whetton, Margaret Woods, piano; Kenneth Wood, Franklin Wood.

Orchestra

Ruth Bruns, Channing Davis, Mario Defazio, Edwin Dik, Donald Eaton, Robert McElroy, William Mitchell, Horace Preble, Irving Ross, Malcolm Stratton, Charles Tinker, Malcolm Tobey, George Warren, Herbert Williams, James Whetton, Kenneth Wood, Herbert Woods, Katharine Voorhees,

Mandolin Club

Ruth Burgess, Arthur Curren, Miss Davidson, Violet Killam, William Ludlow, Virginia Sawtelle, William Mitchell.



Student Opinion

School Spirit

By RUTH E. DAVIS, '26

School spirit. Just what does that mean to you? No doubt each one of us interprets it in a different manner but after all can't we have a common conception of the term? Let's make it mean more to every one of us.

Support your school and its sports! Be enthusiastic, devoted, loyal, always willing to give unselfishly and to do your very best for your school. Help maintain its standard. The greater part of your life will be spent out of school; therefore, resolve to carry your school spirit with you through the highways and byways of life.

Then why not make every effort to form a worth-while character?

One way of attaining this idea is utilization of school spirit. Bear in mind that

opportunity is just a step ahead; be sure to seize it before it is too late. Now is the time for all good students to come to the aid of a worthy cause—school spirit.



Support The Advocate

By VIOLET R. KILLAM, '26

You are a part of Needham High School; **The Advocate** is the Needham High School Magazine; therefore, YOU, as a part of the school, are held responsible for the type of book edited. Are you doing your part toward making **The Advocate** not only a High School success, but something worth while to offer the community? Do you respond to all calls for **Advocate** material? **The Advocate** board wishes you would. Don't leave the work to a certain few who do the tasks willingly enough. You personally should make use of your school spirit and the opportunities offered you, and send in your work.

It gains you nothing, and gets us nowhere if, as the saying goes, "you hide your light under a bushel." Co-operate with **The Advocate** Board to make this year a booming success.



Something Needed

By MURRAY FAIRWEATHER, '26

Every time we have a visitor come to our school, we are pleased to notice his admiration of our possessions. We have a large, well-built school of which we all are, or ought to be, proud.

A visitor can't help admiring our large, airy gymnasium, our lunch room, our library, and our laboratory rooms. All these things we hear praised, but there is one thing that we do not hear about — our traffic system.

A traffic squad is something that every school ought to have. Rules may be made, but if there are, perhaps, three or four in three hundred and fifty to enforce these rules, what good are they? Rules are necessary but they are like New Year's resolutions—they are worthless unless we live up to

them. To be rules they must be enforced. To do this we need somebody of fair-minded students who are really proud of their school and want to help her. We cannot rely wholly upon the teachers in this matter, so we have to come back to the student body.

This plan I present for your consideration: A monitor appointed in every home room, a head monitor for every corridor, elected from the home room monitors. One person elected from the entire squad to act as captain and a faculty adviser. All these appointments would have to be ratified by the faculty, the student body, and the Student Council. The head monitor should be chosen by the home room monitors and the captain elected by all the monitors. The duties of this squad would be to keep all traffic moving in the right direction, to watch all lockers, to keep order in the lunch room, and to help keep order in the assembly. This squad could only enforce rules that would be made by the student body with the advice of the Student Council.

This traffic squad would go one step farther in the advance toward student government of the school, for it would take the regulation of the traffic away from the faculty and give it to the student body.



Our School

By JANE PIERCE, P. G.

The student body is a very important part of the school; in fact, it is the school personified. This building could not and would not continue its mission if we should walk out. We are the school, but we cannot maintain it by our presence alone. We must maintain it by our conduct in it, our respect for it, and our loyalty to it.

We want a building in which good conduct and courtesy are present. We are known by the way we act, and our school is known by us. Good conduct does not mean going around with a solemn countenance, but it does mean obeying the laws and rules which pertain to order and make for it. This state-

ment refers to the traffic and the locker rules. We cannot be thought well of if visitors see pupils dashing down the corridors and bumping into some innocent person.

First, before we have good conduct we must have respect. If we have no respect we will not honestly obey the rules and therefore will not have good conduct. Respect for our school also demands that school property and apparatus be not abused. Good conduct and respect both depend upon loyalty—that something which binds us to our school and friends, and makes us give them our undying aid as long as they are worthy of it, or as long as their mission endures. Loyalty may be expressed in innumerable ways: in words, deeds, and even in our thoughts. Loyalty means doing the prescribed lessons faithfully and coming into every class prepared in everything. Maybe this doesn't seem like loyalty, but a school is known by its grades and its pupils. If there is a school organization which calls for dues, what prompts you to pay them? Your honor? Yes, but why go so far? Are you not bound by loyalty to your school to support it and its organizations? A few students not doing every lesson faithfully lower the standards of the school. Therefore the preparation of home lessons is a means by which every pupil may express loyalty.

A school cannot succeed unless every pupil co-operates to his utmost and gives to his school his very best. Let's do it!

Replace the Turf

By MARY DENNIS, '27

All golfers will understand the above heading at once. To those who have escaped the "bite of the golf bug" it may require an explanation.

In playing golf it happens frequently that the player's club will dig up a small bit of the turf upon which the ball has rested, and unless the soil is carefully replaced, the green will soon present a fairway that is noticeably marred by the many small scars left where

the turf has been cut out. Consequently, on every well-maintained course there are numerous signs: "Replace the turf."

The associations of life may be likened to the golf course. When they are maintained with thoughtful care and kindly consideration, they are smooth and pleasant expanses over which friendships move in comfort and happiness. But occasionally by some thoughtless word or act, a wound is inflicted. The friendship is not broken, but its smoothness is marred just as in the case of the golfer.

Unless that wound be carefully and promptly healed by an explanation or sufficient restitution, it remains a scar upon the fair way of friendship. But if appropriate amends be promptly made, the wound leaves no scar and is soon forgotten.

It would be wise if we would carry into our daily lives this lesson from the golf links, remembering that if we dig up the turf on friendship's links, we should, as promptly as possible, carefully "replace the turf."

Dawning on Olympus

Ovid—"How Phaeton Drove His Father's Chariot"
1460-65

RUTH NEWCOMB, '26

As the impetuous Phaeton carefully observes
The marvelous workmanship with its curves,
And stands wondering anew at these things,
Far from the east, Aurora springs,
Opening and tinting the doors crimson bright
And filling the halls full of rosy light.
The stars scatter slowly, and soon from the sky
Even Lucifer is gone. Lo, dawn is nigh!
Titan smiles as his orders are given,
And the world beneath slowly starts to redden.

Twilight

By FREDERICK R. MURRAY, '28

The red sun's setting in the west,
The silver moon smiles down from high,
The whole wide world has gone to rest
And God's great night is drawing nigh.

The school boy's late returning home,
The laborer, too, with pail in hand,
Returneth to his home, sweet home,
And peace has settled o'er the land.

To Cicero

By PEARL NANSCAWEN, '27

The storms of many ages have passed above his brow.
The stone that marked his resting place has turned to
dust by now.
His heart, that once like ours did beat, that filled his
soul with life,
Has long been still, its rest has come for rest must
follow strife.
But thoughts of his have bridged the years to meet
thoughts of today.
So the mind of now has the chance to know the mind
of yesterday.
And tho' his monument is gone, his words will ever
stand,
A glowing epitaph to his name in the minds of every
land.



With Apologies to Book I, Chap. 7, Caesar's Gallic Wars

By BETTY DARRAH, '28

When it was reported to Miss Sawyer that the students were trying to make a petition to prohibit Latin, she, by forced marches, hurried into the classroom and arrived at the desk. From the entire class she levied as many students as possible (for there was only one legion in the lower class) to cut off the petition which was near the desk.

When her arrival was reported to the students, they sent representatives in whose legions Miss Notman and Miss Mitchell held the highest offices. These were to say that they intended to march through the classroom with no ill-feeling or injuries. They were to ask her permission to do this act.

Miss Sawyer remembered that Mr. Campbell had nearly been conquered by an oration put up by Greene. She did not think that she should yield, and thought that students of an anti-Latin mind would, if an opportunity were given, march through the classroom with the petition. Then, that time might intercede until the students whom she had ordered should arrive, Miss Sawyer replied to the representatives that they should give her opportunity for deliberating the matter, and if they wished anything, to return after school.

Sentiments

By MARGARET HARTSHORN, '27

Oh Caesar! I would bury thee
And all thy glorious past,
Within the deepest shades of earth
Thine influence would I cast.

Oh Cicero! thou hast vexed me more
Than Caesar's Gallic Wars.
Thy lengthy speeches and orations
I would radio to Mars.

And Virgil, what hast thou in store
For us poor mortals to weep and mourn
And shake puzzled heads o'er your riddle,
Oh, will it also be done in scorn?



"Caesar Ipse"

By MARGARET NOTMAN, '28

The day was unusually dark and dreary; the heavens were pouring down their contents as if it had not rained since the time of Noah. The IIA students crossed the threshold of room 304 with their hearts sinking (they must have been down to the soles of their boots). The lesson began as usual, however, except that the lights were turned on.

"For review translation, Chapter 10, paragraph two; Miss—to begin," came the order from the executive desk.

The student translated, ending with—"likewise fled to Caesar."

Click! The lights went out, the complexion of the sky was quite eerie by this time.

The door opened, and a commanding figure, robed in white, glided in a stately manner into the view of the awe-stricken pupils.

"O students of my native tongue," came the sepulchral voice, "I am come to visit you because it has been whispered in the Beyond that nowadays pupils do not respect or enjoy the narratives of my wars. They should be enjoyed and understood by boys and girls, for they give a great insight into the customs of my times. I am accused of being egotistical; yet have I not some cause? Not everyone of you could have planned the strategies which I did, and executed

them as I have done. Wherefore, let each one of you, in the future, try to get more from Caesar's Gallic Wars."

Bumps!

The great orator ceased, and the ever-shimmering vision faded. Far down the corridor, the sound of a voice came nearer.

Bumps!

"Why child alive, what are you doing? Don't you remember that you should have risen at six to finish translating Chapter 12?"

An Unusual Visit

By ELEANOR ROHN, '27

I was wandering through the streets of Rome one dull autumn afternoon, and seeing an unusual building I decided to enter, because I had walked several miles and was feeling rather tired. I thought as I walked up the many stone steps that this was probably an art museum or a public library.

I finally discovered a doorway, entered, and wandered around until I suddenly came to a very large hall where I was startled at the sight before me. Was I in a Klu Klux Klan meeting? On the right sat a large group of white-robed figures intensely interested in another individual who was standing before them, and waving his arms as he expounded his mighty words to a crouching figure on the other side of the hall.

This couldn't be a Klu Klux Klan meeting because there were no hoods attached to these garments. In great bewilderment I slipped down in an empty seat, unnoticed. What was that figure raving about? My eyes widened with amazement as the words "Quid est, Catilina?" became audible to me. Was this the mighty Cicero, and that lonely figure on the vacant bench the Catiline who caused this oration?

Only now and then did I recognize a word. The continued booming of that deep voice speaking in a foreign language seemed to soothe my weariness, for soon my eyes grew heavy. The white-robed figures, so interested in their own proceedings that they did not notice me, soon faded from my sight. The

full tones from the vocal organs of the great Cicero drifted away until I finally ceased to hear them.

I suddenly felt a tap on my shoulder and jumped with fear. Was it Catiline with his terrible dagger or Cicero with his powerful tongue?

I was greatly relieved when I discovered Miss Currie asking me what time I had gone to bed the night before.

My Wars With Caesar and the Helvetians

By GRACE WALTON, '28

My wars with Caesar and the Helvetians are continuous. They begin right at home with my Latin book taking the place of the enemy. My forces consist mainly of my Brains, and my only weapons are the Grammatical Appendix and the Vocabulary.

First, I gather my forces and weapons and start determined to conquer the enemy. This seems easy until I strike the enemy's strongest legion in the form of Indirect Discourse. When I have once singled out and conquered the leaders, Accusative and Infinitive, I find the rest of the legion falls before me helpless under the strength of my blows at their chiefs.

With new energy I push on, only to find another obstacle, this time an ablative Absolute. He is a puzzling, old veteran with so many different forms of attack that without my best weapons I should not succeed in passing beyond him. Before I have completely arranged my scattered forces, I find myself almost upon the well-known auxiliary Complementary Infinitive. With my uttermost strength I finally push through, somewhat dazed.

Continuing, I come to an entirely new legion called the Subjunctive. This is under the leadership of various conjunctive "legates." As soon as I master one cohort of the Subjunctive, another one, almost as strong, looms up. Some of the fiercest of these are the Subordinate Clause in Indirect

Discourse, the Result Clause, the Quin Clause, and the Indirect Question.

Finally, the struggle seems to come to an end and I find myself victor, although somewhat shattered and dazed by the fierce battle.

I go to bed, pleased with my success, but very tired. Even in my sleep, Caesar haunts me. I seem to be experiencing another battle worse than the other. Sometimes, I find myself being overwhelmed by Caesar and his forces, and less often, my own men overcoming him. My old enemies seem to be

confronting me in greater numbers than before.

The next morning during Latin class, the struggle continues. I enter the classroom feeling myself a victor, but often some construction will appear which I have not fully mastered.

After the Latin class is dismissed, another but similar, struggle starts again, perhaps to be won and perhaps to be lost. But with each victory of the mighty Caesar and his army, I find myself more nearly approaching the far away goal of master of Latin.



Alumni

In this issue of **The Advocate** we are devoting the Alumni Section to the interests of the graduates of 1891, the first year in which **The Advocate** was published, and classes previous to 1901. We are sure that many other Alumni will be interested in seeing the records of these graduates, many of whom are their friends. And we take great pride in showing to the present high school body and other readers of this magazine the fine men and women who proudly call Needham High School their Alma Mater.

Graduates	1891	Present Information
Lizzie M. Graves		
Charles O. MacIntosh	West Hartford, Conn.
Earnest E. Riley	Needham Heights
Albert H. Spence	Salem, Mass.
Esther C. Thorpe		

Wife of Mr. Walter Larkin, Newton, Mass.

Charles O. MacIntosh graduated from Comer's Commercial College, Boston. Since his graduation he has represented the Perry, Buxton, and Doane Co., in Boston and Lowell and for past six years in Hartford, Conn., where he made his residence in 1923.

Michael J. Gilfoil*

	1892	
Charles H. Allen	Boston
Allston R. Bowers		
Member of Board of Selectmen, Needham		
Mabel D. Fowler	West Roxbury, Mass.
Lewis E. Hart	Needham
Susie G. MacIntosh		

■ Mrs. Frank C. Whitney, Needham
Frank D. Woodruff...Government Chemist in Boston

*Deceased

Ida Rubelle Mills (Mrs. James H. Whetton), held a position as teacher three years following her graduation.

Helen W. Leach (Mrs. Edward F. Stevens), of Wellesley Hills, after her graduation from the Posse Normal School of Gymnastics was Physical Director of the Potsdam Normal School and Rye N. Y. Seminary. She has held many important positions in the Girl Scout Organization.

Emma E. Lester (Mrs. Eben W. Smith), is a graduate of Burdett's Business College. Following her graduation from college, Mrs. Smith did clerical work until 1901. She has served as President of the New Century Club, Needham.

Graduates	1893	Present Information
M. Ella Blaisdell	Mrs. Austin
Bertha M. Blackman		
Mabel E. Gates		
Mrs. Arthur R. Keesly, San Francisco, Cal.		
Herbert B. MacIntosh	Needham
Jessie M. Wignall	Mrs. Kelley, Walpole, Mass.
Olive R. Colburn*	Mrs. E. Percy Allen
Michael J. Collins*		
M. Clyde Livingston*		
Hermia A. Riley*		

*William H. Stanton attended both Boston College and the College of Pharmacy.

Minnie M. Gorse is another graduate of Burdett's Business College. At present she is bookkeeper at William Gorse Co.

Mabel F. MacIntosh held a business position for thirteen years before her marriage to Mr. Herbert N. Mitchell.

Mary A. Tisdale (Mrs. Theodore Graham) was for nine years teacher in the Needham Public Schools and nine years in the Newton Public Schools.

1894

Graduates

Eva Chamberlain

Mrs. Earnest Schlusemeyer, Westwood

H. Alice Eberhardt

Principal of the Eliot School, Needham

E. Francis Fox . . . Mrs. Percival Wragg, Needham

Nellie M. Gilfoil . . . Needham

Lottie M. Morgan

Mrs. Charles Measure, Milwaukee, Wis.

Louise K. Smith

Mrs. Fred H. Hobbs, Dorchester, Mass.

Walter N. Hart*

Emma A. Allen, although not a college graduate, completed the summer course of the New York University College of Commerce and Finance. Since her graduation she has served as a clerk in several law offices in Boston and New York. For two and a half years she was connected with the Department of Treasurer and Receiver-General at the State House. In 1906-08 she was Assistant Secretary of Board of Jamestown Exposition Managers for Massachusetts, and in 1909 held the public office of the Secretary of the School Board of the City of Newton.

Frederic A. Jones is a member of the class of 1898 M. I. T. From his graduation to 1901 he was a Civil Engineer with the Chicago Great Western Railway, from 1901 to 1905, Assistant Engineer with the New York City Railway. For the next four years he was Division Engineer with the Virginian Railway, and from then to the present date he has been Assistant Engineer and Supervisor with the Boston and Albany Railroad.

Emma N. Pond graduated from Bradford Academy and is now Mrs. Harold W. Loker, Needham

1895

Lucie A. Couter . . Mrs. Arthur Lee, Springfield, Mass.
 Florence T. Hutchinson

Mrs. William P. Matthes, Needham

Fred M. de Lesdernier . . . Roxbury, Mass.
 C. Helen Lovell

Linnie M. Newell . . . Allston, Mass.
 Clarrisa M. Sutton

Mrs. Fred W. Lester, Watertown, Mass.

Austina M. Whitmore*

Carrie S. Whipple

Mrs. Oscar A. Adams, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Edith M. Lord (Mrs. Edwin A. Packard), studied music at Tuft's College and then became a teacher. She is now living in Yonkers, N. Y.

Joseph Stanton is a graduate of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, class of 1899, and the Harvard Medical School, class of 1903. Since his graduation he has been House Officer at the Boston City Hospital, Surgeon to the Newton Hospital and Senior Surgeon at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Boston.

*Deceased.

Present Information

1896

Graduates

Josephine E. Blackman . . . Boston

John F. Gilfoil*

Ella Horrocks . . . Mrs. George Noyes, Needham

Charles B. Moseley . . . Needham

Marion R. Stevens . . . Needham

Agnes M. Smith

Irving Southworth, after graduation from High School, attended Brown University; since when he has held the following positions: with Dwight Mfg., Co., Supt., Alabama City, Ala.; with Pacific Mills, Supt. Cotton Department., Lawrence, Mass.; Supt. Cocheco Dept., Dover, N. H.; Agent Hampton Dept., Columbia, S. C.; Agent, Lawrence, Mass. He has been in public service as Trustee of Lowell Textile School, Trustee Abbot Academy, Trustee Essex Savings Bank, Lawrence, Director Merchants Trust Co., Lawrence; Advisory Committee of Lawrence General Hospital; Director Boys' Club, Lawrence; President of Lawrence City Mission. He now lives in Andover, Mass.

Winthrop M. Southworth also is a graduate of Brown University, where he is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Alice M. Twigg received in 1900 the A.B. degree and in 1901 A.M. degree at B.U. College of Liberal Arts. Miss Twigg has since served as head of Modern Languages Department in Hyde Park High School and in Girls' High School, Boston, and as member of Board of Examiners, Boston.

Edith M. Willgoose, now Mrs. F. E. Thorpe, of Needham, held the position of bookkeeper in United Shoe Machinery Co., after term at Comer's Commercial College.

1897

Mabel H. Ellis*

Roy C. Southworth . . . Seattle, Wash.

Elizabeth A. F. Fitzgerald . . . Needham

Bessie de Lesdernier, who is now a resident of Roxbury, has held positions in Farley, Harvey & Co. and Edison Electric Illuminating Co., of Boston. Miss de Lesdernier has done a good deal of church singing.

Alida E. Riley (Mrs. Everett Poland), is at present a resident of her home town, where she is active in community affairs.

Bertha E. Coburn of Needham Heights received education at Bridgewater Normal School, and has held positions as teacher, assistant librarian, bookkeeper, public weigher, and post-office clerk.

Lewis Cole Tuttle graduated from Tufts. Since then he has been in the hotel business, except for four years spent in an auditing department of Pacific Gas & Electric Co. His address is now Cecil Hotel, San Francisco, California.

Alida Riley (now Mrs. Everett Poland), attended a business college and was bookkeeper for twelve years.

1898

Graduates	Present Information
Isabelle P. Boyd	Needham
Amy de Lesdernier	Roxbury, Mass.
Annie Mitchell	

Mrs. Michael Quinn, Needham Heights
Walter Pember
Louise Blackman .. Mrs. William G. Gibson, Dedham

Florence Crossman (Mrs. Irviné Ross) obtained her education at Wellesley College and the New England Conservatory of Music. Her talent has been displayed in positions as church soloist and organist. She has served three years as President of Monday Club in Needham.

Adah G. Fuller, graduate of Comer's Commercial College, held positions as stenographer with Foote and French and with White and Bowditch. She is now private secretary for Mrs. Montgomery Sears, and is also noted for her work as church soloist.

Ethel Willet is a graduate of Teacher's College, Columbia University, and is at present instructor of Home Economics in the Dickinson High School, Jersey City, although her real home is in Needham.

1899

Gertrude Whall	
Mrs. Walter Queen, Needham Heights	
Maude Wellington	Needham
Elsie Wait	Cambridge, Mass.
Ella Tuttle	Mrs. Horace Hand, Berkeley, Cal.
Edith Tuck	Mrs. G. McIntosh, Needham
Clarence Rathbone	Haverhill, Mass.
Helen C. Peabody*	Mrs. Geo. Pond
Thomas Falvey	Dorchester, Mass.
Catherine Clark	
Fred L. Carter, Jr.	Wollaston, Mass.

Lulu M. Bailey married Mr. Harry Davidson Mitchell and now resides in Rutherford, N. J.

Roscoe A. Carter attended both Brown University and Harvard University, and since his college career has been with the William Carter Co. Mr. Carter has been in prominence in town, serving as Trustee of Memorial Park and as selectman.

Hannah Colburn was married to Mr. Howard A. Smith two years after her graduation.

Walter Thatcher, a graduate of Harvard, is now practicing law in New York.

Percy E. Wye graduated from Comer's Commercial College of Boston in 1900. After working for two years in Boston business offices, he entered Harvard College in 1902, and in 1905 received the degree of A.B. (magna cum laude) as of the class of 1906. 1905-06 he was instructor of English and mathematics in Mitchell Military School of Billerica, Mass. 1906-15 he was associated with New York companies; five years of this period spent as secretary and treasurer of

the North American Copper Co., of New York City. Since 1915 he has been interested in Needham real estate.

Fred L. Carter, Jr., is a graduate of Harvard. He has been president of Boston Druggists' Association, and of Travelling Men's Auxiliary to Mass. Druggists' Association and held all offices in Wollaston Council of United Commercial Travellers, compiler and translation Editor of Walworth Export Catalog. Mr. Carter is now located in Los Angeles, Calif.

1900

Graduates	Present Information
Josephine Fernald	Waltham, Mass.
Laura Harmon	
Lydia Higgins	Dover, Mass.
Alpha Leonard	
Helen Stevens	Needham
Gladys Wait	Mrs. A. E. Orre, Chicago, Ill.

Pauline Berthold is a graduate of Gorham Normal School, Maine, and assigned substitute in Elementary Grades in Boston. Her home is in Needham.

Laura Blackman married Mr. William S. Cassidy, Jr. the year following graduation and has her home now, in Needham.

Arthur Whetton, after his graduation from Philip's Exeter Academy, was a grocer, and later a coal merchant and Treasurer of Highland Press. Mr. Whetton has served the public as fireman for twenty-three years and also as police officer.

Laura Willgoose graduated from Radcliffe College and for many years was head of Modern Language Department in Melrose High School. She is now instructor of English at Brookline High School.

Alpha Freeman Leonard attended Brown University and took a special course at Harvard. From 1904-1921 he was principal of various schools; and since 1921 has been owner Leonard's Garage.

The Alumni editors wish to acknowledge their appreciation of the efforts displayed by Needham High School graduates in supplying information about different classes. We sincerely hope that an **Advocate** will reach each one and that each subscriber will feel repaid by the enjoyment of reading about his classmates. Should you wish to correspond with any of your classmates **The Advocate** will gladly see that correspondence reaches them.

The June issue of **The Advocate** will include a section featuring news of the classes from 1901 to 1915. **The Advocate** will appreciate information from members of those classes.

*Deceased.



NEEDHAM HIGH FOOTBALL SQUAD

Front row, left to right: Wainig, Drinkwater, Cotter, Captain Whelan, Matthes, Adams, Marselli. Second Row: Vincent, Godfrey, R. Marshall, Castagnetti, M. Marshall, Johnson, Newcomb. Third Row: Murray, Flint, Nelson, Shine, Walton, Hammond, Preble. Fourth Row: Coach Delano; Mann, Manager Ross.



NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' HOCKEY SQUAD

Front row: K. Gilfoil, D. Cookson, R. Thomas, R. Newcomb, E. Rohn, Captain, B. Gillespie; Manager, A. Kingsbury; B. Whelan, D. Adams, J. Keltie, R. Burgess. Second row (seated): R. Davis, E. Sutton, M. Gay, H. Hammersley, R. Jones, D. Brooks. Third Row: B. Childs, E. Groves, R. Harris, M. Woods, P. Donovan, M. Notman, K. Chilson, Assistant Coach, B. Desmond; R. Petcolas, Coach, Miss Tarbell; N. Colburn, R. Adams, P. Stanley, E. Kroog, E. Davis, M. Whelan, M. Thomas.



Football

MILTON at NEEDHAM

The first game of the season was played at home on Friday, September 25. The game was not very spectacular since neither team had had anything more than practice games. The game, however, was advantageous in that it showed places to work for improvement and it gave some players a chance to show what they could do. The Milton team outweighed us about five pounds to a man, but our own team held them to a 6-0 score. The goal was missed due to the fact that the team had had no practice at kicking goals.

BELMONT at NEEDHAM

On October 3, the heavy Belmont team came to Needham. The day was very cold and during most of the game there was a steady rainfall, as a result the field was very muddy and slippery. The two teams fought back and forth in the mud, seldom crossing either thirty-yard line. It was generally believed that on a dry day, we could have beaten them, since a wet field favors a heavy team. As it was, however, the teams played thirty-six minutes for a scoreless tie.

DEDHAM at DEDHAM

On October 12 we went over to Dedham. This game was well fought on both sides from the first whistle to the last. Our first touchdown was a rather spectacular one. The Dedham team had worked down to our one-yard line, but at that point our team tightened up and held them for three downs. On the fourth down Dedham fumbled and Smith, at that time playing end, scooped up

the ball, and, with four or five other Needham men ran the whole length of the field for a touchdown. The other touchdown was made after a series of line bucks and passes. The game ended with a score of 12-0 in our favor. This game caused much excitement, because this is the first time in ten years that we have beaten Dedham.

LEXINGTON at LEXINGTON

Our team went to Lexington on October 17 to play what we had heard was a very weak team, but in the very first quarter they put the ball behind our goal for a touchdown. This score made our team wake up and before the end of the game we had two touchdowns to our credit. Although the opponent's team was light they had a very fast backfield, and this fact was the only gaining point they had. Score 13-7.

MAYNARD at NEEDHAM

This is the first time that we have played Maynard. Nevertheless the game proved to be as big a surprise as was the Dedham game. But it was a surprise of a different kind. The Maynard team with its exceptionally fast backfield came here on October 24. The Needham team went right through them for a touchdown in the first quarter, and then thinking themselves securely fortified behind a 7-0 lead, rather laid down, and in the last half, the opponents came over with two touchdowns. This game was the first defeat which we had suffered so far this season.

HUDSON at HUDSON

On October 31 we went to Hudson to play the first of our series of Midland League games. We had great expectations since Natick had beaten them some 67-0 a week or so before. But in some way we could only get two touchdowns. The boys said that the game was more like a practice game than a real game. Perhaps the field had something to do with the score, but at any rate, it was a disgusted team that returned home that Saturday, although we had won our first league game, 14-6.

MARLBORO at MARLBORO

This game was the third in our list of surprises this season. On November 7, we went to Marlboro to receive a crushing defeat at the hands of the factory town. We were not entirely to blame, however, since four or five of our best players were out due to injuries and other causes. We did manage to get two points by a safety. We blocked one of Marlboro's punts on her five-yard line which bounced back of the goal line. One of our men dove for it but missed it, while a Marlboro man fell on it. Marlboro got her two tallies by steady line bucks and off-tackle plays. In the last five minutes Needham tried to stage a comeback. She opened up with passes and when she lost the ball Marlboro punted. Our defensive quarterback ran the ball back to its original position, but it was too late to do any good. The game ended with a 13-2 score.

NATICK at NEEDHAM

We had the best game of the season on Greene's Field, Nov. 14, when we played Natick. Our opponent had had a very successful season, having beaten Norwood 7-0. Her strength lay in her two fast ends, her end runs, and tackle plays. The only one of these reliances which worked consistently against Needham was the fast ends, and they didn't do much spectacular playing. The winning tackle play, in which Natick placed so much confidence, was "smeared" every time it was tried. Her famous end ran, hardly

gained two yards, and some times lost. Once in a while, however, Natick slipped outside our end for a first down.

Our touchdown was obtained as the result of a beautiful thirty-yard pass from Castagnetti, who was standing about on our own forty-yard line, to Whelan, who caught the ball near the opponent's thirty-yard line and ran the rest of the field for a touchdown. This score put pep into the team and we held Natick for the rest of that half. The Natick team came back with a punch at the beginning of the second half. Dumas blocked one of Matthes punts on our five-yard line. The ball rolled behind the goal and Dumas fell on it for a touch down. Their second score was made as a result of a series of two or three long passes and short line bucks. Nobody seemed to be able to kick the point after the touchdown. The game ended with the score 12-6 in Natick's favor. Although we did not get as many points as Natick, we were by no means beaten.

Dumas was Natick's outstanding player, and Matthes shone for Needham. Matthes was outstanding in both offensive and defensive plays, and it is said he was the foremost player on the field. During the game Matthes sprained the tendons of his leg and injured his knee.

NEEDHAM at WELLESLEY

Our last game was played Thanksgiving morning, Nov. 26. We went over not exactly confident but expecting to win however.

During the first half, both teams played hard but not especially spectacular football. The two teams seemed slow and the game was dotted with penalties against both the opponents and ourselves.

At the beginning of the second half, however, the game changed from a football game with team work to a "battle to death," "a survival of the fittest," where each man played singly. The Needham team lost its head and played more to get a whack at some opponent than for the benefit of the team as a whole. As a result, it was a downhearted team that returned to Needham defeated 7-0.

The Advocate

Football Squad

Capt. Whelan	Godfrey	Shine	Fletcher Murray
Castagnetti	Vincent	Newcomb	Flint
Matthes	M. Marshall	Marselli	Nelson
Drinkwater	Cotter	Mgr. Ross	Walton
Johnson	Adams	R. Marshall	Hammond
			Mann



Girls' Sports

Hockey

The opening of the hockey season called forth about forty candidates. The number dwindled, however, until there remained about thirty. The freshmen turnout was very large and as there were openings for underclassmen on the team, competition was keen. As the hockey team was fortunate enough to procure the services of Miss Desmond as assistant coach, Miss Tarbell was enabled to give individual instructions and attention while the former refereed hard practice. Due to these individual lessons the girls learned new points and a decided improvement was manifested.

In order to try out new material, practice games were arranged at the first of the season with Wellesley, Lexington, and Swampscott. Just prior to the playing of games, an understanding between the coaches gave an opportunity for the replacing of the players at any time during the contest. The freshmen showed fine ability and a few are sure of varsity berths.

The practice game with Wellesley was played there and all Needham candidates participated. The score was Wellesley 1, Needham 0.

The games with Swampscott and Lexington showed a decided improvement over the playing in the Wellesley game. The scores of the game were Swampscott 1, Needham 0.

On October 20, the first regular game was played with Winchester at Needham.

The opponents were members of the hockey league and a hard game was looked forward to. Contrary to expectations, Needham held them to a score of Winchester 1, Needham 0. The home team although defeated, was encouraged by the score, for the Winchester squad has a reputation of being both fast and skilful.

The next game, October 22, was played at Dedham. In the first period Dedham scored three goals. Needham held them at that score through the next period. The Dedham forward line was very strong and fast but the backfield was very weak. At the beginning of the second half Ruth Burgess, centre forward, scored the first goal of the season. Soon afterwards another point was made by Needham's left wing. Prospects seemed brighter but Dedham scored again and the score remained 4 to 2 in their favor. Goals were made for Dedham by M. Gibe and L. Morse; for Needham by R. Burgess and B. Whelan.

A very interesting game took place October 29 between the Freshmen and Upper Classmen. The freshmen team organized with only ten players and Marie Whelan as captain. Rather than borrow an upper class player they decided to play with ten girls. Considering their lack of experience and the fact that there were no girls to replace those playing, the freshmen played very well. The senior team found it quite difficult to make their first goal, but the other four

came in rapid succession. The score was Upper Classmen, 5, Freshmen, 1. Goals were made for the upper classmen by Ruth Burgess, 2; Blanche Whelan, 2; and Ruth Newcomb, 1; for the freshmen, Marie Whelan, 1.

On November 5 Needham played Newton and won for the first time this year. Newton made one goal which was not counted because a foul was committed at the time the goal was shot. This was about the only time that Needham's goal was seriously threatened. The Newton backfield was very weak and Needham discovered this fault early in the game. Needham's forward line passed well and the backfield seldom allowed the ball to go by. In fact, the whole team, encouraged by their lead played like a well-oiled machine. The score was Needham 3, Newton 0.

On November 6 Wellesley came to Needham and another hard game was played. Wellesley scored one goal and it was not until after the game that the players were informed that it did not count, for the player was offside when she shot it. The score was a 0-0 tie, an improvement over the practice game which resulted in 1-0 in favor of Wellesley.

Another victory was added to the list when Needham met Brookline, at Brookline. The game was slow, being prolonged by many fouls on both sides. "Offside" was the outstanding foul made by Needham. This was caused by Brookline halfbacks playing close to their forward line, thus putting in Needham forwards offside. Brookline did not at any time seriously threaten Needham's goal and R. Burgess, center forward, succeeded in making a goal for Needham. The score was Needham 1, Brookline 0.

Needham played Lexington for the second time this year and manifested great improvement over the first game. The Lexington backfield was strong, especially the center half-back, who seldom allowed the ball to pass her. The whole Needham team played well and kept the ball with them the greater part of the game. Although both sides strove hard for a goal their efforts were of no avail as the score remained 0-0.

The season closed with a practise game with Wellesley, the third game played with Wellesley this year. All girls on the team played and Wellesley shifted teams when Needham did, thus making the game a more even contest. Wellesley scored one goal and no more points were made throughout the game.

Although the team did not win all its games, it is satisfied with the results of the season. It was very encouraging to them when they defeated Newton and Brookline. Newton particularly has the reputation of being a strong team. The freshmen deserve thanks and praise for remaining throughout the season and giving the upper classmen the practice that enabled them to win their games.



The Hockey Family

By ELEANOR ROHN, '27

When the day's work is done, hockey practice begins. Bessie and Blanche, the inseparable, usually sing us the latest song hit unless they are occupied in rolling the ball down the field. When Helen Hammersly gets the ball she is pretty apt to keep it. The Burgess sisters, although they are late in other matters, are right there when it comes to field hockey. "Ruthie" sometimes forgets and starts the other way, but most always heads for our goal. Margaret Notman is always out for practice and certainly sticks to it. "Ali" Kingsbury is our hockey manager and is managing us very well. "Mimi" Whelan has a wide range of appropriate phrases for any play which she may make. Finding it difficult to stay on her feet is another one of "Mimi's" characteristics. Our heavy hitter, "Dottie" Adams, is always there to get the ball. When "Snooky" Newcomb gets started it is very wise to let her go because she will, anyway. When the ball gets in Jean Keltie's way, for a few seconds we see very little but a pair of spindles going with great speed down the field. What would we do without "Vi" Killam? She is always ready and seldom fails to stop the ball with that graceful little drop of hers. Every now and then Miss

Tarbell's "Do your stuff," rings out clear. It is best to step aside when our goal-tender "K" Gilfoil casually takes a hit at the ball. The baby of our family is some fighter, "Peanut" Childs fights like a little tiger for that ball. There are two of the Davis family playing hockey, and play they do! Ruthie Adams and Norma Colburn are two fine players and we should certainly miss them, if they were not among us. Ruthie Thomas, a comparatively new member of our family, has proved her weight in gold more than once, while her sister is working up to be a good little player. Dorothy Cookson is another

one of our standbys. Ernestine Groves never lets you have the ball very easily. Yours truly is usually seen puffing up the field like a steam engine.

"Vi" Killam, "K" Gilfoil, "Peggy" Woods and "Snooky" Newcomb have been doing some early morning running. The milkman sticks his head out and mutters "Be they crazy or just insane?" Early business men were a little astonished at first, and thought that girls did do funny things; but soon became accustomed to see these (fleeting) Atalantas. Good wind is one of the most important factors in any field of athletics.



Hockey Squad

R. Burgess, c.f.,	N	E. Rohn, l.f.b.,	N	B. Childs	D. Brooks
R. Newcomb, r.i.,	N	V. Killam, r.f.b.,	N	M. Notman	R. Davis
B. Gillespie, li.,	N	K. Gilfoil, g.,	N	R. Adams	E. Davis
B. Whelan, l.w.,	N	N. Colburn, f.b.,	N	E. Groves	E. Kroog
J. Keltie, r.w.,	N	H. Hammersley		E. Sutton	M. Thomas
R. Thomas, l.h.b.,	N	M. Woods		R. Harris	P. Stanley
D. Adams, c.h.b.,	N	M. Burgess		R. Peticolos	P. Donovan
D. Cookson, r.h.b.,	N			R. Jones	



HUMOR

E. JARVIS '26

To the Editor of *The Advocate*

Dear Sir:

I am about to present a great invention to the world, but to do this I need your co-operation. You have probably often eaten celery (unless you do not like it) and struggled with the threads in it. After many combats with them I decided something would have to be done, so I set out to eliminate the threads.

Many years of fighting against wood-

chucks, caterpillars, Fords, wild geese, and villainous boys aided me in perfecting a bunch of threadless celery. This was all well and good but the thread was thus wasted. I worked many more years combating the aforesaid difficulties and also a neighbor's donkey which insisted in trampling my masterpiece. I finally educated the threads which had always grown in the celery to grow systematically on a spool.

This thread was a cream color and did not

sell readily. I worked many more years and was only set back once by a man who thoughtlessly fell from an aeroplane upon my best celery. With Mr. Frazier's help I perfected some dyes which, when planted with the celery seed, colored the thread the desired shade.

It is impossible to keep the dye from coloring the celery itself. The thread sells very readily, but people do not take kindly to the various hues of celery. I have eaten it and will testify that the coloring gives the food an excellent flavor. I would accept it as a great favor if you would publish this letter so that people will learn of this great gift to humanity and be willing to buy it. To all those who send four cents to cover cost of dyeing, packing, mailing, and for this wonderful process, I will send absolutely free one stick of genuine Threadless Celery.

THREADLESS CELERY CO.

ARNOLD CHILDS, *President*.



Footballitis

(With Apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

By HORACE PREBLE, '26

In the darksome forest, Nede—Ham,
By the shores of limpid Charlie,
Dwells a tribe of football heroes
Sons of Nede-Ham's former Chieftains,
Oft on rainy days one sees them
Playing with their faces mud-grimed,
Yelling loud their mighty war-whoops
As they grab the dirty pigskin,
Rush it toward some mad-tribe's goal posts.
Afternoontimes many see them
Practising their bloody war-dance
For this game of kicks and passes,
Bruises, rushes, bangs, and knock-outs.
Led by chiefs who've won their feathers
Out they go upon the war-path
Nothing daunted, if they're conquered,
Up again right to the finish.
Four scalps hang high in their wigwam
Soon another's will there dangle.

N. H. S. Operatic Score

By MARY FORD, '27

SMILES	Winthrop Smith
ME AND THE BOY FRIEND	Irvine Ross and Russell Seaver
K-K-KATY	Catherine Groves
COLLEGIATE	Bill Wragg
MY BEST GIRL	Peggy Petcolas
APRIL SHOWERS	After an unsuccessful exam
WHISPERING	Every Pupil
TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE	Ruth Norcross
HOMESICK	The Freshmen
YEARNING	For Lunch Period
BRIGHT EYES	Ida Boyd
LET IT RAIN, LET IT POUR	Belmont vs. Needham Football Game
SO THAT'S THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU ARE	Muriel Morrison
HARD-HEARTED HANNAH	Anna Hickey
RUNNIN' WILD	Charlie Tinker
THAT OLD GANG OF MINE	Mary Marshall, Evelyn Hansen, Madeleine Pease
YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABY	Virginia Tinker
WHAT'LL I DO	In My Study Period
ALIBI BABY	Olive Woodruff
DREAMING	During an Explanation in Class
AT THE END OF THE ROAD	2.15 P.M.
JINGLE BELLS	Every 55 Minutes
JUST SNAP YOUR FINGER AT CARE	Lax Students' Advice
BABY BLUE EYES	Ruth Halkett
THE KINKY KIDS PARADE	Up and Down the Corridors
REDHEADED MAMA	Should We Say?
DAISIES WON'T TELL	That This Is the End



The Ideal Study Period

By ESTHER M. SUTTON, '26

(The Grind)

Study period is the time
When we concentrate;
Everyone goes right to work;
No one's ever late.
Noiselessly we take our books
And study them at leisure;
In such an intellectual group
There is no time for pleasure.

(The Normal N. H. S. Student)

Study period is the time
We're sociably inclined;
We talk about the football game,
And then we bring to mind
The fun we had at last night's dance,
And how the fashions change.
Why we can't get our lessons done
Is surely very strange.

Betty Decides

By DOROTHY M. COOKSON, '26

The Characters

Mrs. Newton Betty Newton
 Mr. Newton Robert Newton
 Mrs. Jackson

The Time: An evening during the middle of June.

The Place: The parlor of an ordinary modern home. The family, consisting of Mother and Dad Newton, Grandma Jackson, Betty and Bobbie Newton, are scattered throughout the room.

Mrs. Newton: (Reclining in a chair.) Well, Betty, it's such a relief to have you graduated at last. I'm simply worn out! Now we'll have all summer to enjoy ourselves.

Betty: Yes, Mother, but we must decide what College I'm going to. All the girls are registering now, you know.

Bobbie: (Savagely turning the dials on the radio.) Hang it, Ma, can't you quit the talk? I nearly got Montreal then. Here you dragged me to that old graduation, and I missed Goldy and Dusty!

Grandma: Really, Robert, dear, you do talk too much. My boys were never allowed to interrupt a conversation.

Mr. Newton: Had you thought of any particular place, Betty?

Betty: Well, really I've been so busy—

Mr. Newton: That's fine. Go to Simmons and be your Dad's secretary.

Betty: (Horried.) Oh, I couldn't do that. None of the girls are taking business courses. They are so common!

Mrs. Newton: (Enthusiastically.) Betty, dear, you won first place in your school gymnasium meet, and your hockey game was considered excellent. Why not try Sargent's?

Betty: I had thought of it. They have the most wonderful summer camps, — expert swimming instructors and all, but the routine is so severe that it's hard to get time for social affairs.

Bobbie: Oh, forget it! You belong in a Kindergarten. I never saw anything like

girls for never knowing what they want. Say, Dad, Pittsburgh won,—4-3! Gee, it was a good game! Do you think they'll take the series?

Grandma: (Severely.) Robert, please. (Turning to Betty.) Betty, Robert gave me an idea. Don't you think you would be splendid with children? Isn't there a school for that kind of thing?

Betty: (Displaying a little temper.) Oh, that's perfectly silly. I never could stand children. What do you think of Wellesley, Mother? Of course it's quite near home.

Mrs. Newton: (With patience.) Well, dear, if—

Betty: (Getting up from her chair, laughing heartily.) Oh, Mother, you know I never can remember anything. What do you think I did?

Bobbie: (Rudely.) That would take more than us weak mortals to know. Of all the—

Mr. Newton: (Sharply.) Robert!

Betty: You know the day Helen and I went to see *Rose Marie*? Well, she stopped in to register at B. U. College of Liberal Arts, and I registered, too. You see nearly all our gang are going there. It will be such fun! Don't you think it's great?

Mr. and Mrs. Newton: (With a sigh of immense relief.) Yes, dear.

Bobbie: (Seeing to the radio.) Well, can you beat that?

**Like Father Like Son**

Teacher: "Honesty is the best policy."

Son of Insurance Agent: "You're wrong, teacher. Life is the best policy."

Young Miss (purchasing a stamp): "Must I put it on myself?"

Post Office Clerk: "No! on the letter."

There was a young girl named Kate
 Who was silly, 'tis sad to relate;
 A big granite rock
 Once fell on her block,
 And since then she's been silicate.

Epitaphs

Here lies what's left of Uncle Jim
He tried to teach a Ford to swim.

Here lies a lawyer 'neath the skies,
The same as in life he lies and lies.

Under the spreading chestnut tree, the
village smithy lies;
While he was shoeing an army mule,
He forgot to shoo the flies.

Our little Boy Blue lies here, 'tis true,
The stove exploded and the little boy blue.

Mr. Frost—"Shufflers expect their shoes to
wear—yes, they do, they wear out!"

Mr. Frost, speaking of the first crude
Egyptian art—"It was just as if some young-
ster had scratched—."

Whelan—"Matches!"

Pupil in history—"Babylonia is quite a
level country, isn't it?"

Mr. Frost—"Yes, except where there are
hills and valleys!"

Mr. Frost, speaking of people living in
different parts of the world, "What kind of
races did they have in Africa?"

Whelan—"Chariot!"

Marshall in French—"Do they have
hol(e)y money in France?—I mean money
with holes in it?"

"The Greeks came in bunches into
Peloponnesus."

"What, like grapes I suppose!"

Miss Rohn (in American history)—"On
account of the plantations the people couldn't
get together they were so large."

Castagnetti—"But, Mr. Frost, I only
wanted to ask a simple question."

Mr. Frost—"Yes, very simple."

Monsieur Oakman translating "Les
Oberlé."

"Farnow Tete de Mort.
Farnow the deadhead."

Miss Springfield—"Miss Hansen, give the
meaning of "chercher."

Miss Hansen—"Er-r."

Miss Springfield—"Correct."

We would like to hear more of Nelson's
fur-covered islands.

Teacher—"Is Stratton 'round anywhere?"

Senior—"Yes, he is 'round all over."

A king in his royal garbage is indeed an
impressive sight.—*Freshman composition*.

The small boy's head bobbed up over the
garden wall and a meek little voice asked
"Please Miss Brown, may I have my arrow?"

"Yes dear, certainly. Where did it fall?"

"I think it is stuck in your cat."

Miss Piercy—"What is a projection?"

Drinkwater—"Anything that hangs over
the edge."

"Non paratus" Bartlett dixit.

Cum a sad and doleful look.

"Omne rectum," Professor respondit,

Nihil scripsit in his book.

Signs to be Seen on the Back of Fords

The Ingersoll of Autos.

I may be shiftless but I'm not lazy.

Fierce Arrow, with the quiver.

Danger! 20,000 Jolts.

Honest weight—No springs.

Why girls walk home.

Nash 'Can

Oil by Myself

Sick Cylinders

The Stuttering Stutz

Four Wheels, All Tired

100% A Meri Can

Pray as you enter

99% Static.

Rolls-Oats

Vertical Four

Struggle Buggy

Little Bo-Creep

Dis Squeals

Mah Junk

"Captain—"Zounds! three hundred miles from shore and the rudder is broken!"

Sweet Young Thing—"That's all right. It's underneath; no one will notice it."

"I wonder why Art jumped into the river?"

"I think there was a woman at the bottom of it."

First Freshman: "Can you keep a secret?"

Second Freshman: "I'll tell the world!"

Teacher: "Why were you late this morning?"

Ruthie: "The bell rang before I could get here."

Our idea of a sceptic is a person who sees twenty people waiting for the elevator and then goes up and pushes the button.

No Agnes, a whippet tank is not a dog's bathtub.

Isn't that just the trouble with jokes? Some of them you've seen before and the rest you have'nt seen yet.

During the recent eclipse, a Scotchman was seen running to the Western Union office in hopes of sending a night letter.

I Know a Freshman

He thinks the "Deserted Village" is a Scotch town on tag day.

He is sure the "Merchant of Venice" sells peanuts or hot dogs at a beach resort near Boston.

He says the "Four Horsemen" is nothing but propaganda for the cavalry recruiting service, although he has never read it.

"Il Penseroso" he thinks, sounds like one of the snappiest things Ibanez ever wrote and he is sure going to read it as soon as it is translated into English.

He always tells you Irvin Cobb can write even better than he can play baseball.

N. H. S. in the Funnies

By MARGARET SEYMOUR, '26

<i>Uncle Walt</i>	Malcolm Stratton
<i>Skeezix</i>	Herbert Whetmore
<i>Fritzi Ritz</i>	Blanche Whelan
<i>Desperate Ambrose</i>	Sherborne Rand
<i>Harold Teen</i>	W. Morton Southworth, Jr.
<i>Tillie the Toiler</i>	Ruth Burgess
<i>The Katzenjammer Kids</i>	
	Russell Seaver, Irvine E. Ross, Jr.
<i>Andy Gump</i>	P. G.
<i>You Know Me Al</i>	Joe Whelan.

A Timely Suggestion

Marjorie's evening prayer was long. She had bespoken blessings for each member of the household, had named her aunts, uncles, cousins, and was beginning on the neighbors. Jack, eager for the bedtime story, listened impatiently. "Oh, rats" he interposed, under his breath. His sister heard. After an instant's pause, she went on sweetly, "And the little mice, too."

A Real Invalid

During the Spanish war a certain amateur nurse found ample scope for her enthusiasm and abilities, but her zeal was slightly abated after one morning visit to her ward, when a suffering hero was discovered lying with the coverlet pulled over his head, and a placard pinned to the outside which read:

"Too sick to be nussed today."

Impossible Pastimes

Playing pat-a-cake with a mule's hind legs.

"Sandy ye sit there like an owl. Say something."

"Hoot, mon."

Bobby: "Must be having company down stairs."

Billy: "Why?"

Bobby: "I just heard ma laughing at one of pa's jokes."

Freshman at P. O.—"I would like to see some of your two cent stamps please."

The clerk produced a sheet of one hundred two's. The freshman pointed to the stamp in the centre.

"I'll take that one," he said.

Jones was walking down the lane with his country girl. A cow and a calf were rubbing noses beside the fence in bovine affection.

"Look," said Jones, "isn't it wonderful. It makes me feel like doing the same thing."

"Go ahead," she said. "It's my father's cow."

Head in Latin IIA

Miss S.: "How did they cross the bridge?"

Curren: "By boats."

A Hard Fall

Mr. Jar—"Oh dear! What's the matter with Mr. Bottle?"

Mr. Shaving-Brush—"Why, he was sitting on the steps and he fell asleep so hard that he broke."

The Luxurious Pig

Josh Simpkins was a farmer and

The kindest among men,

He housed his pig in luxury—

It had a fountain pen.

Upon the grave of Sam Mcswale

Here gaze with deep dejection.

He gave three rousing cheers for Yale

In the Harvard rooting section!

One labor Hercules didn't have to perform was to sit at a restaurant table in front of an electric fan and try to put pepper on a side dish of stewed corn.

Certain animals hibernate during the winter months; what becomes of baseball umpires?

Now little Senior, don't be so bold!

You're only a Freshie, four years old.

Latin 4A

Pupil: "If he won the race he married the girl, but, if he lost he had his head chopped off."

Southworth: "He lost his head in either case."

Miss Berrieman: "How long did you study your lesson?"

Pupil: "One period yesterday and one today. (:)"

Miss Berrieman: "Ah! That makes a colon; doesn't it?"

Seaver (Ross arrives at 8.14): "Here comes our minute man!"

Miss C. S. L.: "Mitchell, if you have anything in your mouth, throw it into the waste basket."

W. Mitchell: "I can't it's my tongue."

Teacher: "What are you doing this afternoon?"

Pupil: "Biology."

Teacher: "Well, you won't have to buy what I'm giving you, it's free, an hour in Room 201."

M. M.: "What time is it?"

J. W. A.: "Half past four. It won't be long till morning."

M. M.: "Goodness, mother will be worried. I should have been in bed an hour ago."

Seaver: "This morning in my first game of golf I made it in fifty."

Miss C.: "Great—simply great!"

Seaver: "I hope to do better at the second hole tomorrow, however."

Of all the sad surprises

There's nothing can compare,

With treading in the darkness

On a step that isn't there.

Miss C.: "You can't sleep in this class!"

Mitchell: "I know it, I've been trying to for half an hour."

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"Don't you think he could have done it?" the teacher asked.

"Yes, ma'am, but I wondered why he didn't make it four times and get back to the side his clothes were on."

Guest: "Are you sure your wife knows that I am coming home to dinner with you?"

Host: "She ought to. We argued a whole hour about it."

Teacher: "An heirloom is something that has been handed down from father to son."

Pupil: "That's a funny name for pants."

Doctor: "Deep breathing, you understand, destroys microbes."

Patient: "But, doctor, how can I force the things to breathe deeply?"

A young lady not familiar with the language of railroad men happened to be walking near a depot where a freight train was being made up. One of the brakemen shouted, "Jump on her when she comes by, run her down by the elevator and cut her in two, and bring the head end up to the depot." Screaming "Murder!" the young lady fled the spot.

If Miss Rohn continues to use the term "kids" she is going to get Mr. Frost's goat.

Mr. Frazier: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

Ross: "Er-r well, they're cheaper than day rates!"

"Say guy, do I take the train to New York from Boston?"

"No sap, the engine does that, you just get on."

"That horse knows as much as I do."

"Well, don't tell anybody, you might want to sell him some day."

Guide to the Zoo

Elephant—A pachiderm that can make a narrow trunk go a long way.

Cow—A four-legged dairy with a permanent chew.

Donkey—Six letter word standing for a three-letter word standing for a young man in love.

Turtle—A lizard with a waterproof roof.

Camel—Animal which couldn't decide on a high or low back, and compromised.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

D. Arne:—For mending the air which was rent with shouts on your husband's return, use either a sailor's yarn or the thread of a discourse, according to the size of the rent.

T. T. O.—We cannot give directions for knitting brows. As this is an up-to-date paper, we supply nothing not in style, and knitted brows are not worn by up-to-date, power-through-repose people.

Victim:—We know of nothing that will mend jokes cracked in an after-dinner speech. Usually they are so old as to be beyond repair.

Dolly:—We referred your question to the head of the Motherhood Department, who said that a monkey-wrench would be the most suitable Christmas gift for your pet ape.

Raindon:—We are sorry on our own account as well as yours that we know of no place where they recover borrowed umbrellas.

T. Rimmer:—Ruffled feelings are still quite generally worn. They are always crosswise, but may be made straight by smoothing.

Beauty:—Your question regarding the complexion has been referred to the department "Cheek-to-Cheek Talks" and is answered in this number.

H. Ayer:—Dead men's shoes are considered the most desirable foot-wear for prospective heirs.

Amateur Actress:—For the scene where you are eating fruit when the fire breaks out, you should wear burnt orange with watered ribbons and garden hose. An alarm-clock should be among the stage furnishings.

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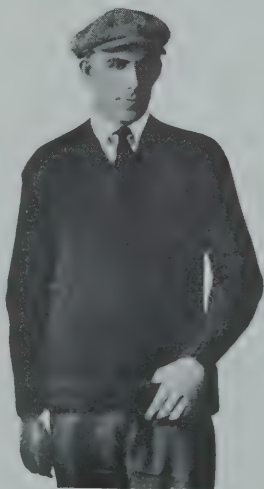
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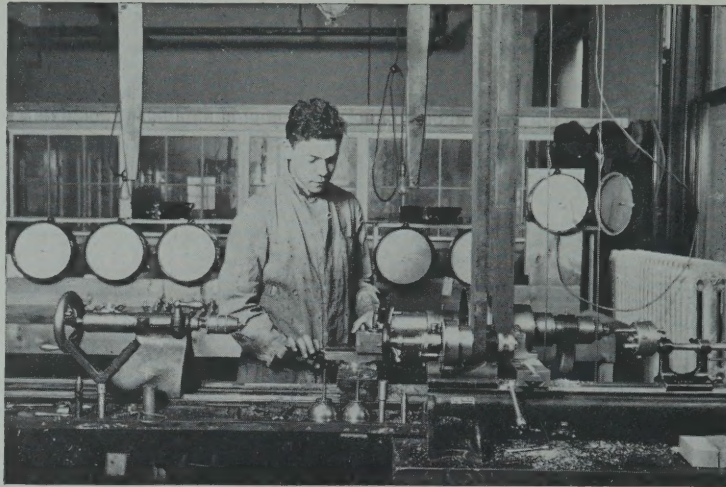
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